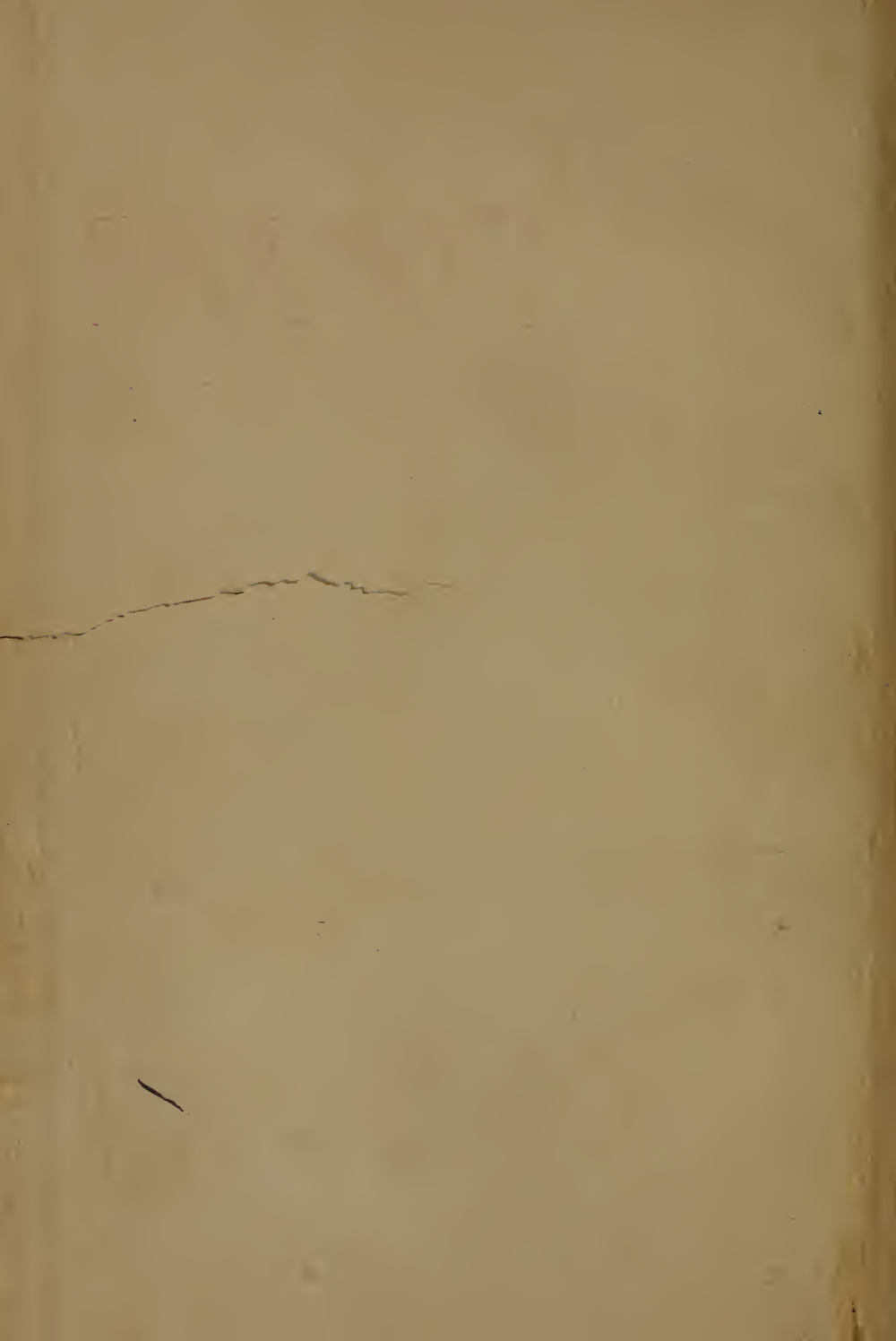


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PARLOR AND PLATFORM
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HUMOROUS READINGS
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BY

THOMAS F. CASEY.

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POPULAR REGITATIONS AND READINGS.

THE OLD ACTOR'S STORY.

GEO. R. SIMS.

MINE is a wild, strange story,—the strangest you ever heard;
There are many who won't believe it, but it's gospel, every word;
It's the biggest drama of any in a long, adventurous life;
The scene was a ship, and the actors—were myself and my new-
wed wife.

You mustn't mind if I ramble, and lose the thread now and then;
I'm old, you know, and I wander—it's a way with old women and
men,

For their lives lie all behind them, and their thoughts go far away,
And are tempted afield, like children lost on a summer day.

The years must be five-and-twenty that have passed since that
awful night,

But I see it again this evening, I can never shut out the sight.
We were only a few weeks married, I and the wife, you know,
When we had an offer for Melbourne, and made up our minds to
go.

We'd acted together in England, travelling up and down
With a strolling band of players, going from town to town;
We played the lovers together—we were leading lady and gent—
And at last we played in earnest, and straight to the church we
went.

The parson gave us his blessing, and I gave Nellie the ring,
And swore that I'd love and cherish, and endow her with every-
thing.

How we smiled at that part of the service when I said "I thee
endow!"

But as to the "love and cherish," I meant to keep that vow.

We were only a couple of strollers; we had coin when the show
was good,

When it wasn't we went without it, and we did the best we could.
We were happy, and loved each other, and laughed at the shifts
we made,—

Where love makes plenty of sunshine, there poverty casts no
shade.

Well, at last we got to London, and did pretty well for a bit;
Then the business dropped to nothing, and the manager took a
flit,—

Stepped off one Sunday morning, forgetting the treasury call;
But our luck was in, and we managed right on our feet to fall.

We got an offer for Melbourne,—got it that very week.
Those were the days when thousands went over to fortune seek,
The days of the great gold fever, and a manager thought the spot
Good for a "spec," and took us as actors among his lot.

We hadn't a friend in England—we'd only ourselves to please—
And we jumped at the chance of trying our fortune across the
seas.

We went on a sailing vessel, and the journey was long and rough.
We hadn't been out a fortnight before we had had enough.

But use is a second nature, and we'd got not to mind a storm,
When misery came upon us,—came in a hideous form.
My poor little wife fell ailing, grew worse, and at last so bad
That the doctor said she was dying,—I thought 'twould have sent
me mad,—

Dying where leagues of billows seemed to shriek for their prey,
And the nearest land was hundreds—ay, thousands—of miles
away.

She raved one night in a fever, and the next lay still as death,
So still I'd to bend and listen for the faintest sign of breath.

She seemed in a sleep, and sleeping, with a smile on her thin, wan
face,

She passed away one morning, while I prayed to the throne of
grace.

I knelt in the little cabin, and prayer after prayer I said,
Till the surgeon came and told me it was useless—my wife was
dead!

Dead! I wouldn't believe it. They forced me away that night,
For I raved in my wild despairing, the shock sent me mad out-
right.

I was shut in the farthest cabin, and I beat my head on the side,
And all day long in my madness, "They've murdered her!" I
cried.

They locked me away from my fellows,—put me in cruel chains,
It seems I had seized a weapon to beat out the surgeon's brains.
I cried in my wild, mad fury, that he was a devil sent
To gloat o'er the frenzied anguish with which my heart was rent.

I spent that night with the irons heavy upon my wrists,
And my wife lay dead quite near me. I beat with my fettered fists,
Beat at my prison panels, and then—O God!—and then
I heard the shrieks of women and the tramp of hurrying men.

I heard the cry, "Ship a-fire!" caught up by a hundred throats,
And over the roar the captain shouting to lower the boats;
Then cry upon cry, and curses, and the crackle of burning wood,
And the place grew hot as a furnace, I could feel it where I stood.

I beat at the door and shouted, but never a sound came back,
And the timbers above me started, till right through a yawning
crack

I could see the flames shoot upward, seizing on mast and sail,
Fanned in their burning fury by the breath of the howling gale.

I dashed at the door in fury, shrieking, "I will not die!
Die in this burning prison!"—but I caught no answering cry.

Then, suddenly, right upon me, the flames crept up with a roar,
And their fiery tongues shot forward, cracking my prison door.

I was free—with the heavy iron door dragging me down to death;
I fought my way to the cabin, choked with the burning breath
Of the flames that danced around me like man-mocking fiends at
play,
And then—O God! I can see it, and shall to my dying day.

There lay my Nell as they'd left her, dead in her berth that
night;
The flames flung a smile on her features,—a horrible, lurid light.
God knows how I reached and touched her, but found myself by
her side;
I thought she was living a moment, I forgot that my Nell had
died.

In the shock of those awful seconds reason came back to my
brain;
I heard a sound as of breathing, and then a low cry of pain;
Oh, was there mercy in heaven? Was there a God in the skies?
The dead woman's lips were moving, the dead woman opened her
eyes.

I cursed like a madman raving—I cried to her, "Nell! my Nell!"
They had left us alone and helpless, alone in that burning hell;
They had left us alone to perish—forgotten me living—and she
Had been left for the fire to bear her to heaven, instead of the
sea.

I clutched at her, roused her shrieking, the stupor was on her
still;
I seized her in spite of my fetters,—fear gave a giant's will.
God knows how I did it, but blindly I fought through the flames
and the wreck
Up—up to the air, and brought her safe to the untouched deck.

We'd a moment of life together,—a moment of life, the time
For one last word to each other,—'twas a moment supreme, sub-
lime.

From the trance we'd for death mistaken, the heat had brought
her to life,
And I was fettered and helpless, so we lay there, husband and
wife!

It was but a moment, but ages seemed to have passed away,
When a shout came over the water, and I looked, and lo, there
lay,
Right away from the vessel, a boat that was standing by;
They had seen our forms on the vessel, as the flames lit up the
sky.

I shouted a prayer to Heaven, then called to my wife, and she
Tore with new strength at my fetters—God helped her, and I was
free;
Then over the burning bulwarks we leaped for one chance of life.
Did they save us? Well, here I am, sir, and yonder's my dear old
wife.

We were out in the boat till daylight, when a great ship passing
by
Took us on board, and at Melbourne landed us by and by.
We've played many parts in dramas since we went on that famous
trip,
But ne'er such a scene together as we had on the burning ship!

INTENSELY UTTER.

A FEW months ago the daughter of a Rockland man, who had grown comfortably well off in the small grocery line, was sent away to a "female college," and last week she arrived home for the holiday vacation. The old man was in attendance at the depot when the train arrived, with the old horse in the delivery wagon to convey his daughter and her trunk to the house. When

the train had stopped, a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide-brimmed hat dashed from the car, and flung itself into the elderly party's arms.

"Why, you superlatively pa! I'm ever so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of squat it up in his arms, and planted a kiss where it would do the most good, with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its attendant baggage were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the hubbles towards home.

"Pa, dear," surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey? quite excessive beyond what? Beyond Warren? I consider it somewhat about ten miles beyond Warren on the Bath way, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no, pa, you don't understand me; I mean this wagon and horse. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even a simple poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat and muttered something about he believed it used to be used for an express before he bought it to deliver pork in; but the conversation appeared to be travelling in a lonesome direction, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely and consummate ma!" and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper table, as he nipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "an' how'd you like your school?"

"Well there, papa, now you're shou—I mean I consider it far too beyond. It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are so sumptuously stunning—I mean grand—so exquisite—so intense! And then the parties, the balls, the rides—oh, the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose," nervously assented the old man as he reached for his third cup, half full—"but how about your books—readin', writin', grammar, rule o' three—how about them?"

"Pa! don't; the rule of three! grammar! It is French and music and painting and the divine art that have made my school life the boss—I mean that have rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but."

The grocery man and his wife looked helplessly at each other across the table. After a lonesome pause the old lady said:

"How do you like the biscuits, Maria?"

"They are too utter for anything, and this plum preserve is simply a poem itself."

The old man rose abruptly from the table, and went out of the room, rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table the

next morning, he rapped smartly on the plate with the handle of his knife, and remarked:—

"Maria, me an' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boardin' school business is too utterly all but too much nonsense. Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty consummate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's goin' to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now after you've finished eatin' that poem of fried sausage an' that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take an' dust up stairs in less'n two seconds, an' peel off that fancy dress gown and put on a caliker, an' then come down and help your mother wash dishes. I want it distinctly understood that there ain't goin' to be no more rhythmic foolishness in this house, so long's your superlative pa an' ma's runnin' the ranche. You hear me, Maria?"

Maria was listening.—*Rockland Courier.*

"SOLOMONISM."

My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets \$200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets \$200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because Francis Murphy gets \$120 a week for temperance work seems to think it is all right when the barkeeper takes in twice as much money in a single day. The laborer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as he is

upon the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your immortal soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Isn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and society as the bartender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad? Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "full hand" at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a state election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in Church every Sunday morning for nothing, if you are mean enough to dead-beat your lodging that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you two dollars every time; fifty cents for the circus and a penny for the little ones to put in the missionary box; one dollar for the theatre and a pair of old trousers, frayed at the end, baggy as to the knees, and utterly bursted as to the dome, for the Michigan sufferers; the dancing lady who tries to wear the skirt of her dress under her arms and the waist around her knees and kicks her slipper clear over the orchestra chairs every night gets \$600 a week, and the city missionary gets \$600 a year; the horse race scoops in \$2000 in a day and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out \$40 in debt,—why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in a while you hear of a

preacher getting a living or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself, and if you don't feel above kicking a mean man, kick yourself. Precious little does religion and charity cost the old world, my boy, and when the money it does get is flung into its face, like a bone to a dog, the donor is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not, and certainly should not, be grateful. It is insulted.—*Robt. J. Burdette.*

THE RELIGIOUS CARD PLAYER.

A PRIVATE soldier, by the name of Richard Lee, was taken before the magistrates of Glasgow for playing cards during divine services.

A sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had a Bible, took it out; but this soldier had neither Bible nor common prayer-book, but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them before him. He first looked at one card and then another. The sergeant of the company saw him and said :

“Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them.”

“Never mind that,” said Richard.

When the services were over, the constable took Richard a prisoner, and brought him before the mayor.

“Well,” said the mayor, “what have you brought the soldier here for?”

"For playing cards in the church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you severely."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor common prayer-book; I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

Then spreading the cards before the mayor he began with the ace:

"When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God.

"When I see the deuce it reminds me of Father and Son.

"When I see the tray it reminds me of Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

"When I see the four it reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

"When I see the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were wise, and five were foolish and were shut out.

"When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth.

"When I see the seven it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work which he had made, and hallowed it.

"When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world, viz.: Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives.

"When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were nine out of ten who never returned thanks.

"When I see the ten it reminds me of the ten commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone.

"When I see the king it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty.

"When I see the queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boy's apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. The king sent for water for them to wash. The girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrist; so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the mayor, "you have described every card in the pack except one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the mayor.

"I will give your honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the mayor, "if you do not term me to be the knave."

"The greatest knave I know of is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards, I find three hundred and sixty-five, as many days as there are in a year.

"When I count the number of cards in a pack I find fifty-two—the number of weeks in a year.

"I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year, and on counting the tricks I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter.

"So, you see, a pack of cards serve for a Bible, almanac, and common prayer-book."—*Anon.*

THE COW.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

THE cow is a horrid thing with legs. Take a view of a cow behind and she has two legs. Look at her before and she has two legs. Go round on the right side of her and there she has two legs, and on the left side are two legs more. Her legs are set round her in rows, two legs in a row, and one row on each side, and she has four sides. How many's that? If her tail was stiff she might help stand on that. How many would that make? Our cow has great ears, as though wings were sprouting out of her, but nobody never need be afraid of cows ever turning into a bird, becoz they wern't intended for 'em. Cows give milk—white cows and red cows and black cows will give white milk. Cows eat grass, but if they eat hay and the dryest things they still give milk. I wonder how such dry things go to make so much juice. In time of a drought a hundred cows would be as good as a rain storm, and nobody need fear for a dry time if they have a hundred cows. Cows chew cuds. That's what makes 'em so

juicy. If a cow looses her cud she's a "goner." Once our cow lost her cud, and she took it to heart so we thought she was agoin' to die ; and Dobbin came and made her another cud to chew, out of eggs and grass, and after she chewed her chew she got lively, and now she's about the smartest cow I know of. Cows appear to have been made to raise babies. Calves are little cows. There are a great many things about cows I am trying to find out, and when I have found 'em I'll write some more things on cows. Cows are no great fighters. Roosters can fight better'n cows. Once a hornet stung our cow on the nose. She didn't hook at him, or hook into him—all she did was to open her mouth and rear up. Cows sometimes try to hook up, but their heads are so heavy they can't flourish 'em around very lively. If their horns were hitched on to their tails they'd butt round with more jam and make more headway in fights.—*John P. Durfee, Jr.*

WOMAN AT POKER.

WHEN lovely woman tackles poker
The game with her is quite the rage ;
Ne'er harbor fear that you'll provoke her
By stating that she has the " age."
To see her " pass the buck " and " ante "
Is better fun than seeing plays ;
And if there's " sugar " in the shanty,
Make no mistake, she'll " see your raise ! "

To see her " draw " is most delicious,
As one by one she eyes the cards ;
And should she " fill," with joy malicious
She'll " up and at 'em," like the " Guards."

"Tis sweet the way she bets her money—
 I mean the coffee-grains or beans—
 And ten to one she "scoops the honey,"
 Though holding but a "pair of queens!"

Ah, when she plays this "game most charming"—
 N.B.—I'm quoting from *The Sun*—
 It beats the Hindoo style of farming,
 Lays over Gaul and over Hun.
 The way she "rassles" with the "pictures"—
 The kings and queens and jacks, you know—
 And, if you're chary of your strictures,
 I'm sure you will enjoy the "show."

She's daring at the game, and "killing"—
 No "taffy," this, or fulsome gush;
 Beware, or she, despite your "filling,"
 Will "bluff" you on a "bobtail flush!"
 A "plunger," she—this is no gammon—
 And makes things warm, if not red hot;
 And better fun than catching salmon
 It is to see her "rake a pot!"

Now, don't pronounce this fiddle-faddle,
 But rest assured, if you "go blind,"
 That she will follow with a "straddle,"
 Though holding but—*one of a kind!*
 Now, if you fancy you can "raise her
 Out of her boots," as you might say,
 You'll find the racket won't amaze her—
 Instead, that she "went in to stay,"

And that she'll "see" and "go you better,"
 With only an absurd "jack-high"—
 "No pent-up Utica" can fetter
 The woman betting beans or rye.
 A "bobtail flush" will set her "kiting"—
 Ofttimes she "keeps" and will not "draw"—
 But, oh, beware when, fixed for fighting,
 She liberates the "dogs of war."

A "pair" or two, she'd call a Sultan,
 With "threes," Bob Schenck she'd quick "raise out,"
 A "full" in hand, she'd "rattle" Vulcan;
 With "fours," you'd hear the lassie "shout!"
 But, ah! the time to "stand from under"
 Is when she "pulls" a "royal flush;"
 Salt Peter! then look out for thunder—
 She'll steal your "chips" to bet, nor blush!

Oh, ne'er at poker try to "bluff" her—
 A woman—if you've any brains;
 You'll quickly learn that she's no "duffer"—
 That is, when "chips" are coffee-grains.
 Oh, never, then, will she "take water,"
 But "see" you if it takes her "pile"—
 What! she, fair Eve's progressive daughter,
 "Lay down" her "hand"? Well, I should smile!

Si Slokum.

LITTLE MEG AND I.

You ask me, mates, to spin a yarn, before we go below:
 Well, as the night is calm and fair, and no chance for a blow,
 I'll give you one—a story true as ever yet was told—
 For, mates, I wouldn't lie about the dead; no, not for gold.
 The story's of a maid and lad, who loved in days gone by;
 The maiden was Meg Anderson, the lad, messmates, was I.

A neater, trimmer craft than Meg was very hard to find;
 Why, she could climb a hill and make five knots agin the wind;
 And as for larnin', hulks and spars! I've often heard it said
 That she could give the scholars points, and then come out
 ahead.

The old schoolmaster used to say, and, mates, it made me cry,
 That the smartest there was little Meg, the greatest dunce
 was I.

But what cared I for larnin' then, while she was by my side?
For, though a lad, I loved her, mates, and for her would have
died;

And she loved me, the little lass, and often have I smiled
When she said, "I'll be your little wife," 'twas the prattle of a
child.

For there lay a gulf between us, mates, with the waters running
high;

On one side stood Meg Anderson, on the other side stood I.

Meg's fortune was twelve ships at sea and houses on the land;
While mine—why, mates, you might have held my fortune in
your hand.

Her father owned a vast domain for miles along the shore:
My father owned a fishing-smack, a hut, and nothing more.
I knew that Meg I ne'er could win, no matter how I'd try,
For on a couch of down lay she, on a bed of straw lay I.

I never thought of leaving Meg, or Meg of leaving me,
For we were young and never dreamed that I should go to sea,
Till one bright mornin' father said: "There's a whale ship in the
bay;

I want you, Bill, to make a cruise—you go aboard to-day."
Well, mates, in two weeks from that time I bade them all good-
by,

While on the dock stood little Meg, and on the deck stood I.

I saw her oft before we sailed, whene'er I came on shore,
And she would say: "Bill, when you're gone, I'll love you more
and more;

And I'll promise to be true to you through all the coming years."
But while she spoke her bright blue eyes would fill with pearly
tears.

Then, as I whispered words of hope and kissed her eyelids dry,
Her last words were: "God speed you, Bill," so parted Meg
and I.

Well, mates, we cruised for four long years, till at last one sum-
mer's day

Our good ship, the Minerva, cast anchor in the bay.

Oh, how my heart beat high with hope, as I saw her home once
more,

And on the pier stood hundreds, to welcome us ashore;
But heart sank down within me as I gazed with anxious eye—
No little Meg stood on the dock, as on the deck stood I.

Why, mates, it nearly broke my heart when I went ashore that
day,

For they told me little Meg had wed, while I was far away.
They told me, too, they'd forced her to't—and wrecked her fair
young life—

Just think, messmates, a child in years to be an old man's wife.
But her father said it must be so, and what could she reply?
For she was only just sixteen—just twenty-one was I.

Well, mates, a few short years from then—perhaps it might be
four—

One blustering night Jack Glinn and I were rowing to the shore,
When right ahead we saw a sight that made us hold our breath—
There floating in the pale moonlight was a woman cold in death.
I raised her up; oh, God! messmates, that I had passed her by,
For in the bay lay little Meg, and over her stood I.

C. T. Murphy.

OUR FIRST CIGARS.

BETWEEN myself and Peter Brown
Exists that bond of friendly union
To Damon and to Pythias known,
A fellowship of sweet communion.
In boyhood's hour, when life was gay,
Was formed that strong, enduring tether,
And knotted when one dreadful day
We smoked our first cigars together.

We were but tender striplings then,
With beardless lips and hopes unblighted;
But, ah! we felt like stalwart men
When those Havanas we ignited.

With buoyant steps, as when the deer
Bounds lightly o'er his native heather,
We went forth, full of hope and cheer,
To smoke our first cigars together.

We went forth, full of joy and pride.
We came back, full of woe, to languish;
Down in the cellar, side by side,
To sit, and soothe each other's anguish.
And all the pangs of after years
Produce not the obliteration
From memory of that hour of tears,
And nausea, and humiliation.

Yet we have faced the world since then,
And toiled and suffered, being human;
Have proved the treachery of men
(And Brown has lost his faith in woman);
Have mourned for cherished hopes laid low,
For loss of friends, and Fortune's crosses;
Have found life's ledger failed to show
Off-setting gains for all our losses.

Our prime of youth has passed away;
'Tis twenty years since I was wedded;
My beard, alas! is turning gray,
And poor old Brown is quite bald-headed;
Yet Time *that* memory ne'er destroys,
And still it is our fixed persuasion
There never were two sicker boys
Than we were, on that sad occasion.

Therefore it is that Peter Brown
To me seems closer than a brother;
Those mutual pangs in boyhood known
Have bound us firmly to each other.
Old comrade, may our pathways lie
Still side by side, whate'er the weather;
Long may it be ere thou and I
Shall smoke our last cigars together.—*P. H. Bowne.*

PARSON SNOW'S BROAD HINT.

THE sermon was affecting, and so many hearers wept
 That no dust would have arisen had the floor just then been swept;
 In fact, a score of brothers were impressed to that extent
 That they didn't see the "sasser" when it on its mission went.

When the preacher had concluded, he looked 'round upon the
 crowd,

And he said, "I'll make a few remarks if I may be allowed.
 I'm not used to mincin' matters, and what I'm about to say
 Will be addressed to you, my friends, in my accustomed way.

"This is my fust sarmon 'mongst you, and it pleases me to see
 That the fountains ob your feelings am broke up so easily;
 But dar's one thing I has noticed that hab filled me wid unrest,
 And left the knife ob discontent a stickin' in my breast.

"I understands de salaries ob preachers down dis way
 Come frum de contribution box. Now, what I've seen to-day
 Hab sowed some seeds ob doubt and fear within my aged breast
 Dat hab done commenced a-growin' in a way dat I can't rest.

"Although old age hab somewhat dimmed de keenness ob my
 sight,

It hain't had no effect as yet upon my appetite;
 And anything dat threatens to decrease my bread and meat
 Just takes me by the tender ha'r and lif's me off my feet.

"Let your sympathetic tears, my frens, in de future freely flow—
 Don't run in onions on me—don't use de old man so.
 Wid all de brudders weepin', an' de sisters wid red eyes,
 I feel like I could see sabed souls a-mountin' to de skies.

"But de best tings in dis worl', my friends, can all be overdone,
 And dis weepin' ober sarmons we must all admit is one;
 Use your hankerchuffs wid judgment, and no mattah who you are,
 Keep a dry eye on the sasser! Let us now unite in pra'r."

Parmenas Mix.

DE CAKE WALK.

DE Zion chu'ch o' Wiggleton dey had a Winter fa'r,
 Sich allers frows de puffume ob a cake walk in de a'r.
 An' de ladies tuk ter trainin' in a un'erstan'in' way,
 To captivate de mo'sel dey inten'ed fo' deir prey.

When de fa'r wuz ripe fo' pickin' an' de multichude on han',
 Deacon Rangertang perceded fo' ter take de jedge's stan',
 An' de sex'on struggle' innard, fo' de 'casion war begun,
 Wid a cookie so colloshus dat yo' t'ink it weigh' a ton.

"De skirmishers 'ill gadder!" said de deacon; "an' de prize
 Dat dey'm 'vited to peramble fo' am dar ter feas' de eyes.
 As de can'idates onlin'ers, let de sex'on call de roll,
 An' de fust'll open up de jints an' agetate de sole."

Den Susianna Jogalong jis' amble ter de front,
 Wid a heel an' toe commotion dat she'd practice' fo' a mont',
 An' de graceful pa'pertations dat she me'shured wid her shoes,
 'Peared like dat nature'd tuk' a wrensh an' loosened all de screws.

'Cerlelia Tallerfut!" perclaim' de sex'on. Mighty sakes!
 De flo' war shuk jis' like a aingin loosenin' de brakes,
 An' wid a "ring-a-rosy" glide, dat maiden did volute,
 Till time war sorter tickin' wid de congeration's boot.

"Rasanna Hoppergrass!" Hi, yi! Fo' brandishin' o' limbs
 Dar nebber wuz sich Tupsycho' sense Moses writ de hymns.
 Wid shoulders like a walkin'-beam an co'kscrew sarcumben',
 Dat gal kep' writin' wid her feets a stunnin' reekermen'.

Den Rose an' Dinah Bunionheel an' Eba Cobblestones,
 Dey cut some purty figgers wid deir underlatin' bones,
 An' Rachel Rollinpie, she beat such tatters on de flo'
 Dat Elder Grubb sung out he knowed jis' whar dat cake'd go.

But bress yo' stars! when Angie Ageesole let out a ju'k
 Dar warn't no geormetic lines could mark the gait she bruk;

She scalloped on de bias, an' she flung de slickes' flings,
Like a zigger-zagger harrycane a-cutting pigeon wings.

"Dar's evolutin' honey!" "Dat's a treadin' mill fo' sho'!"
Said de parson an' de elder, while de angel shuk de flo';
An' Deacon Rangertang, he sorter bellered wid his mouf—
"Dat walkin's wuff a cookie big as all de sunny Souf!"

Den Angie gib a curt'sy an' fotch up ter get de prize;
But hit 'peared de goin's-on had shut de congergation's eyes,
'Caze Sup'intenden' Gadderall had gub his frien's de shake,
An' whiles de gals wuz walkin', he jus' walk' off wid de cake.

Wade Whipple.

PADDY'S LAMENT.

OH, Mary McGallagher, see phat you've done now,
You've tied me poor heart in a double bow-knot;
For a nice, daycent gairl it's a quare piece o' fun now,
To play such a thrick—Och! phat's into ye got?

You've twisted me head till it's all full of aching,
For thinking o' you, Mary, all the day long;
There's nothing I touch but it's shplitting and breaking,
I niver can do a thing right but it's wrong.

The whole house is aff on a horse-throt to ruin,
The parlor's not fit for a jintleman's pig;
I feel in me bones there's throuble abrewin',
An' me legs are too wake for the ghost of a jig.

There's a pipe on the mantlepice all broke to flinders,
There's a shoe near the fender's all out at the toe;
There's rags where the glass ought to be in the winders,
Fur, Mary, mavourneen, I'm loving you so.

Don't talk to that baste of a Bārney McFinnegan!
It's working I am fur your good, don't you see?
He's no sooner out of a shpree than he's in agin;
Iv'ry cint that he owns, faith it's coming to me.

Then, Mary McGallagher, pity me sorrow,
 Stand ready to put on your wedding-dress soon.
 Throw care to the dogs—pay the fiddler to-morrow—
 And dance till the morn by the glint o' the moon.

* * * * *

Bad luck to the gairl! May I never begin agin!

I'll be an ould bachelor, sure, till I die;

For Mary's gone married to Barney McFinnegan

In the dress that I guv her the money to buy.

But fortune go with her! I'll niver deride her;

There's fish jist as good as are caught in the say;

An' since she's took Barney, to jog on beside her,

Why, faith, I'll make love to swate Biddy McKay.

Anon.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON GIRLS.

GIRLS is a queer kind of varmint. Girls is the only thing that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand other girls, if she wants you to do anything. Girls is all alike one way, they are all like cats. If you rub 'em the right way of the hair they'll pur and look sweet at you, but if you rub 'em the wrong way, they'll claw you. S'long as you let a girl have her own way she's nice and sweet; but just cross her, and she'll spit at you worse nor a cat. Girls is also like mules, they're headstrong. If a girl don't want to believe anything, you can't make her. If she knows it's so she won't say so. Girls is little women, if they're good; and if they ain't good then nor when they get big, they're vixens,—that's what father said mamma was once, when she chased him around the kitchen with a red hot poker, 'cause she was mad at him.

Brother Joe says he don't like big girls, but he does like little ones, and when I saw him kissing Jennie Jones, last Sunday, and told him what he'd said, he said he was biting her, 'cause he didn't like her. I think he hurt her, for she hollered and run, and there was a big red spot over both of her cheeks. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about 'em the better off I am.—*Anon.*

ENGINEERS MAKING LOVE.

Suggestive of the way in which the engineers and firemen on the New York and New England Railroad salute their wives or sweethearts.

It's noon when Thirty-five is due,
 An' she comes on time like a flash of light,
 An' you hear her whistle, "Toot-tee-too!"
 Long 'fore the pilot swings in sight.

Bill Maddon's drivin' her in to-day,
 An' he's callin' his sweetheart far away,—
 Gertrude Hurd lives down by the mill;
 You might see her blushin'; she knows it's Bill,
 "Tu-die! Toot-ee! Tu-die! Tu!"

Six-five A.M. there's a local comes,
 Makes up at Bristol, runnin' east;
 An' the way her whistle sings an' hums
 Is a livin' caution to man an' beast.

Every one knows who Jack White calls,—
 Little Lou Woodbury, down by the Falls;
 Summer or winter, always the same,
 She hears her lover callin' her name—
 "Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Lou-ieee!"

But at one-fifty-one, old Sixty-four—
Boston express, runs east, clear through—
Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar
With the softest whistle that ever blew.

An' away on the furthest edge of the town
Sweet Sue Winthrop's eyes of brown
Shine like the starlight, bright and clear,
When she hears the whistle of Abel Gear,
"You-ou, Su-u-u-u-e!"

Along at midnight a freight comes in,
Leaves Berlin sometime,—I don't know when;
But it rumbles along with a fearful din
Till it reaches the Y-switch there, and then

The clearest notes of the softest bell
That out of a brazen goblet fell
Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams;
To her like a wedding-bell it seems—
"Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!"

Tom Wilson rides on the right-hand side,
Givin' her steam at every stride;
An' he touches the whistle, low an' clear,
For Lulu Gray, on the hill, to hear—
"Lu-lu! Loo loo!"

So it goes on all day an' all night
Till the old folks have voted the thing a bore;
Old maids and bachelors say it ain't right
For folks to do courtin' with such a roar.

But the engineers their kisses will blow
From a whistle valve to the girls they know,
An' the stokers the name of their sweethearts tell,
With the Belle! Nell! Dell! of the swaying bell.

R. J. Burdette.

A MARRIAGE TOUR.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.

ANTOINE PHILARÉY, after many years of severe struggle and rigid economy in his native city of Paris as a manufacturer of choice perfumery, came to the conclusion, at forty-seven years of age, to marry Clémentine, his pretty chief saleswoman of only eighteen summers. This young person, long before he thus made her the offer of his hand, had surmised what the result of his delicate attentions would be, and to help his endeavors, bestowed upon him many sly eyeing's and winsome looks.

On a bright spring day Monsieur Philaréy might have been seen standing before a huge mirror fixed in the door of a wardrobe twitching nervously at the ends of his waxed mustache, and the next instant applying an enormous hair brush to his head, making it sink deep into its raven garnishments as if he would have it reach the substratum by the most rapid means. Another movement, and with his hand placed over his heart, he would bow low, study various poses, and, becoming satisfied with his progress, commence ejaculating with much fervor. Evidently he was preparing himself for some great emergency. Suddenly away flew in every direction all the accompaniments of his toilet. He seems to have come to a sudden resolve. He adjusts his neatly-tied cravat (the most approved tie of forty styles), puts on his elegant velvet wrapper,

and turns to take a last approving glance into the mirror. A moment after, in the most careless manner, he enters the little boudoir at the back of his store that he had fitted up with exquisite taste as a retiring place for his favorite, and, seizing the hand of Clémentine, poured out the long pent-up tumultuous feelings of his heart. On her part a flood of tears gushed forth, followed by a swoon of acceptance. On the third day following they received the benediction as man and wife.

The joyous Philaréy proposed a trip to London, that she might have a view of the sea, and to enjoy with him the sights of that great metropolis, assuring her that they would be able to move about there without the aid of an interpreter, as he was fluently acquainted with their language.

The day of their arrival in London had been set apart for a grand procession, so after depositing their luggage and travelling paraphernalia they hastened to obtain a place on the sidewalk of an adjacent street, from whence they might obtain a favorable view of the passing column.

Regiment after regiment passed by in succession, each headed by their great bands of music and giant leader, surmounted by a bear-skin shako of the usual hideous dimensions, the sight of which would draw from the enraptured Clémentine the most admiring exclamations. As each became the more interested they dropped the taking of each other's arm, and our friend Philaréy, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, forgot entirely his new estate and the gentle one who but a few days before he had vowed solemnly to shield from harm. Thus absorbed in the

passing event the parade came to an end. Then followed the usual commotion, crowding, and surging of a great crowd, during which the fair Clémentine, notwithstanding her utmost endeavor to regain her husband's side, was carried far away down the narrow street, while he, struggling and using the best English form of expression at his command to give force to his useless exertions, sought every advantage to obtain the least sight of her; but, alas for his present happiness! in vain.

A policeman, attracted by his attitude of alarm and loud vociferations, after learning the cause of trouble, advised him to hasten to a neighboring police station and there make known to the official in charge his anxieties, and give to him a description of the missing lady, "that her loss may be telegraphed throughout the city." Breathlessly and with haggard looks he rushes into the station, and seeing the official at his desk exclaims:

"Oh! ho! Monsieur le Sérgent, I am knock down on ze ground vis von catastrophé terrible. Ze procession has take away mine vife, mine leetle chéri, and I shall sometimes névére know vére évé:e she ees. (*Crying.*) Ze last time she speak to me she say, 'Looke, Antoine, at ze lofely grande brigadier, vis ze gold globe on hees baton, and ze musique by hees heels.' Eh, bien! I like not ze observation she make, so tell to her, 'Bah!' and zen at zat moment I look at ze procession, ven I do see in von wagon ze charmante female allegory of vat you call Britannia, vich do come for to go too quick away. Ah, sare, catch her eef you in. Oh, la, la, it vas tree days ago she make promise to loaf me,—

to-day, to-morrow, and nevére no more,—and now I suppose she do run away vis zat Jean Bull de—brigadier of musique, vat she say is so loafly.”

“Is it your wife or the allegory you mention, that you refer to?”

“Mais, vat you take me for? Ven you shall suppose zat I do mean ze charmante allegory on ze top of ze wagon.”

“Ah, yes, I perceive; you mean your wife.”

“Par bleu! vat ozére vife from some ozére mane moste I look aftére? Tout naturelement, it is ze vife of me, myself, Antoine Philaréy, ze sweetly leetle angel zoo-zoo zat I loaf so dear.”

“And you imagine she has deserted you?” asked the officer.

“Oui, zat is ze vord. She do be push away vis ze crowd, or she do run away vis some mean fellows like yourself, and do leave me all alone to myself, vizout to say bon jour, adieu, or somesing else.”

“That was very wrong for her to do,” remarked the sergeant.

“I do believe you, sare. Ven I do marry to her she vas von pauvre leetle child vat I find at ze marché aux fleurs (ze market in ze flowers), and I vas soche fool I take to myself ze consolation zat I shall make von happéy girl to sweet mon existence. Mais au contraire (to ze contrary), I tink now zat she do be ze flower of my desolation. Oh, sare, I sall keel myself for ze distraction. She do call me so often her chere zoo-zoo, her coo-coo, her chére Polydore, and now, I tink to make me crazy, she now do call zat omlette, Jean Bull, ce brigadier de musique, her coo-coo, her zoo-zoo, her

chéri, and her Polydore. My heels do stand on ze top of my hair, and—Fricandeaux de poulaillies! I sall keel him."

While the worthy Frenchman was thus giving way to his jealous imagination the officer had sent out an alarm message by the telegraph wire, and just as our hero had resolved upon the deed of blood mentioned a return message announced her discovery, while searching widely for her husband.

In a few moments they were brought together, and amid their tears and overflowing utterances of gratitude we kindly bid them adieu.—*S. J. Pardessus.*

A FRENCHMAN'S VERSION OF YOUNG NORVAL.

MON nom c'est Norvelle. On ze hill Grampion
 Mon père he feed hees moutons; un brave homme,
 Whose grand desir vas to pile up richesse
 (Ze—vat you call heem?—ze needful—ze soap—
 Ze rocks—ze tin—ze—ah! oui, ze greenback.)
 And keep à la maison hees only fils,
 Hees beau petit garçon. Voilà! c'est moi.
 For I have sometimes hear ze grande bataille—
 Ah, ha! Oui! I have hear ze crash, ze boom;
 I see ze poof; I smell ze poudaire—hein!
 I am excite—I zink I sall go vilde!
 I look down from ze montaine top. I see
 Beaucoup de troupe. It must zat I go fight.
 Mais I remembraire mon pauvre vieux père.
 I can not leave heem. Non, I stay viz heem.
 Eh, bien! Ze moon zat rise last night, ronde like
 Zees bouclier, has not yet feel her horns,
 Ven by ze light a band of fierce canaille—
 Ze Rowdie—ze Lofaire—ze Rough—Ah! oui—
 Ze Bullie Boys, rush like ze diable down

Upon ze vallee, tout-à-coup. Zey make
 Ze moutons run away. Ze bergers hide
 Behind ze bush : zey climb upon ze tree.
 I am leave all alone. Ma foi ! I say
 To myself : " Norvelle, mon petit garçon,
 Now is précisément ze time for you.
 Go in and vin, à la français, mon brave."
 " Oui, Monsieur," je réponds. Zen I go in
 Vis my revolvriere ; and in ze air
 I shake ze sabre de mon père. Je chasse
 Ze ennemi everyvere. Zen, right away,
 Bientôt, in a little vile, approach
 Mes amis : zen ve fight, ve conquaire—oui,
 Ve bounce ze Buillie Boys—Ah, ha ! une balle
 From mon pistol have pierce ze chieftain's eye.
 It make heein, oh ! so seek—he fall ; he have
 Ze mal à l'estomac : he cry enoff.
 He is perish. He kick ze pail ovaire.
 He is dead like—ze leetle feesh—
 Ze—vat you call heem ?—oui, ze red hareng.
 I ask politelee has he any more
 Some use for hees gold vatch. He say nossing.
 Zen I go zroo heem. Oui, I take ze vatch.
 I take ze greenback from hees pantalon.
 I take hees très-magnifique diamond peen.
 Regardez ! It is zees vich now I vear.—*P. H. Bowne.*

THE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

GOOD-AFTERNOON, Miss Robbins. Come to see the
 funer'l pass, I s'pose. It's been very lively in town
 these two weeks you've been away ; there's been five
 funer'ls and three vandues, and two small-pox cases. I
 must remember and tell you all the partickelers. In
 the fust place, Sam Tunison and his wife's separated,
 for they didn't walk together at his mother's funer'l, and

that's always a sure sign. And Billy Peters' wife was glad when the poor old soul died, for she didn't take it hard at all, didn't cry or go on a bit, as far as I could see. And 'Zekiel Acker rode in the fust carriage along with the minister, and his wife's folks in the second carriage. It don't seem to me that that was the proper thing to do.

Will you look at the paper, Miss Robbins? It ain't much good; I guess I'll stop it. Ain't never hardly any deaths in any more, nor no family troubles. Don't care for the paper, eh? Well, here's the photygraph album. There's father and mother—beats all how old-fashioned pictures do git to look in a few short years. And there's our old minister—sich excellent doctrinal sermons as he used to preach; and then to think he'd go and leave us and go all the way to Spring Hook, Nebrasky, jist for a raise of a hundred and fifty a year on to his salary! What a savin' woman his wife used to be! and she had to be, to be sure—sich an everlastin' family of children as they did have! There, that's the woman what was hung for killin' five husbands—two of 'em she pizened and two she choked and one she killed with the gridiron when she was a fryin' flap-jacks. I had to pay fifty cents for that picter; thought I must have it. There's Will'm Henery's half-sister's son's little boy—jist got on pants and feels very big, of course. There, that's me when I was fust married—Jemimy Day's step-daughter, she had the imperdence to say it flattered me—*she* was as homely as a brushfence. There, that's the man I was a tellin' you of—the man Sal Simpson led such a life, finally left him, and without even so much as a divorce, went and married his second cousin's wife's half-brother, all the worse for

bein' in the family. 'There's the Siamese Twins, and there's Tom Thumb and his wife. And there's Abe Linkum, and there's the fat woman—cost me twenty-five cents to see that onct in York. There, that's that poor Miss Smith what died with such a terrible cancer—how thankful we had all ought to be that we ain't got no cancers! Sich a operation as she had to go through with—cost six hundred dollars, and then warn't no good after all. I'd a demanded the money back if I'd a been Sam; but for that matter, like as not he was glad she died, went and married that young thing I was tellin' you of before she was cold. A high time she'll have with them step-children of hern! Poor Miss Smith! it's likely though she's better off, though they do say she was most awful mean about givin' to missions in Chiny—thought the heathen warn't accountable as long as they hadn't heard nothin'. Amazin' queer what notions some people gits into their heads these days! And here's poor Mariar Matilda Jinkins—beats all what amazin' fine pumpkin-pies she used to make! She was always a goin' to give me her receipt. Poor thing! now she's gone! There, that's the last. What a satisfaction and comfort albums are, to be sure!—*Ella Bevier.*

THE LOST GRAVE.

A COSTERMONGER'S STORY.

HOLD hard! never say the fault is all mine—

I'm somethin' to blame, and I own it;

But don't be down on me 'cause now and then

I've taken too much and have shown it.

Folks are o'ny too ready to boast what they'd done
If they'd had their chances like me ;
But what do they know of my trouble indoors
When I've been druv out on the spree ?

Bill, open your heart, lad, and listen awhile,
And then call it "a spree" if you choose,
For a man to be drinkin' from mornin' till night,
An' next day to be down with the blues !
It's nigh three months since, one Saturday morn,
I was up with the crow of the cock,
An' I walked on for miles thro' the rain and the slush,
To the market afore five o'clock.

I'd been out on the Friday, 'twas snowin' like mad,
An' what with the traffic an' carts,
On a day like it was, the streets I trudged thro'
Was up to your knees, Bill, in parts.
An' fish was too dear for my customers—see ?
An' my own bit o' money was small ;
I'd a middlin' good show, but lor' bless you, Bill,
On the truck it looked nothin' at all.

Leastways for the coin I'd laid out on it, Bill,
But I pushes the barrow along ;
I'd a cup and a slice at the old woman's stall,—
The wind—it blowed terrible strong !
A piercin', a searchin', a through-and-through wind,
Such as freezes the snow as it falls,
An' it drove through the feathers that shook in the air,
The sound o' the hour by St. Paul's.

There was few in the streets, barrin' tradesmen like me,
An' the cabs an' the solit'ry police ;
I was down in the mouth, Bill, an' dreadfully dull,
So I had half-a-go at the Fleece.
It warmed me all thro', an' it brightened me up
For a time, and I thought of her name ;
I cried with a will the fish I'd to sell,
But I cried in my heart all the same

For my Nance, as I'd left, Bill, a fadin' away
On my old tatter'd coat for a bed ;
An' I thought of that day, just three years afore,
When they told me her mother was dead !
Nance wasn't my child,—that's she wasn't my own,—
But her mother, half sister o' mine,
Had married my "butty," a proper young chap !
Who'd died in a wastin' decline.

He were wellish to do, owned a pony an' cart,
Just afore he knocked-up, poor old lad !
But, lor' ! when a hawker gets laid on his back
Things precious soon goes to the bad.
An' to pay for his grave, an' the coffin, an' black,
They'd to sell both his pony and cart ;
Then the bisness went queer, and my sister, poor gal,
She died of a real broken heart.

They put in the brokers for rent as were due,
An' they left her the walls an' the floor ;
This comin' so soon arter losin' her Jim,
Crushed her heart, and she never spoke more.
I takes to the kid—she was then only seven—
An' I done, Bill, the best that I could ;
What can a man do, sittywated like me,
Who is out all the day, if he would ?

But a party who lived just a door or two off
Was that kind she quite took to the girl,
An' on Saturday nights she would see her to bed
Arter putting her hair up in curl.
I heerd tell as how she'd been up in the world,
An' come down through misfortune, they said ;
But what did it matter, her heart was all right,
Though at times a bit queer in her head.

An' while she were able to hobble about,
Like a mother she treated our kid ;
But a fever broke out, an' with her went so hard,
That she died of a sudden—she did.

The day she was buried poor Nancy took bad,
But, lor'! how she stood it—the sweet!
We could not persuade her to eat or to drink,
An' like ice were her poor little feet.

Her lips went all dry, an' her tongue became parched,
An' she wandered, an' talked about heaven,
An' angels, an' sitch like, quite wonderful, Bill,
For a child as had only turned seven!
And—well, I got home, Bill, one night arter dark,
And took hold of her mite of a hand,
Which, through bein' so ill, were as slender an' white
As any fine girl's in the land.

I leaned on my elbow, an' looked in her face,
An' wiped the cold drops from her brow,
When the lids of her eyes both closed as in sleep,
An' she whispered "*Dad, I'm comin' now.*"
I was cut to the heart, for I loved her, old man,
An' my brain seemed to turn in my head;
I fell down on the floor, an' when I come round
'Twas all over, poor Nancy was dead!

There was not a soul, Bill, my troubles to share,
As I gazed on the beautiful dead;
I had not a shilling to buy her a grave,
All had gone to provide her with bread.
So, glad for a time such a scene to shake off,
I crossed slow from the corpse to the door,
I opened it softly, an' staggerin' went
To the Fleece, where I fell on the floor.

My senses had gone, I was ravin' for days,
My life, Bill, they scarcely could save;
An' while I was down, Bill, they buried my Nance,
An' they can't even show me her grave!
I've made from the hedgerows this posy of flowers
To lay on the newly-made mound,
But the graves of the poor are all so much alike,
Poor Nancy's can never be found.—*Walter Pe'ham.*

A RAILWAY MATINEE.

THE last time I ran home over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy we had a very small, but select and entertaining, party on the train. It was a warm day, and everybody was tired with the long ride and oppressed by the heat. The precise woman, with her hat swathed in an immense blue veil, who always parsed her sentences before she uttered them, completely worn out and thoroughly lonesome, was glad to respond to the pleasant nod of the big rough man who got on at Monmouth, and didn't know enough grammar to ask for the mustard so that you could tell whether he wanted you to pass it to him or pour it on his hair. The thin, troubled-looking man with the sandy goatee, who stammered so dreadfully that he always forgot what he wanted to say before he got through wrestling with any word with a "W" in it, lit up with a tremulous, hesitating smile, as he noticed this indication of sociability; for, like most men who find it extremely difficult to talk at all, he wanted to talk all the time. And the fat old gentleman sitting opposite him, who was so deaf he couldn't hear the cars rattle, and always awed and bothered the stammerer into silence by saying "Hey?" in a very imperative tone every time he got in the middle of a hard word, cocked his irascible head on one side as he saw this smile, and after listening intently to dead silence for a minute, suddenly broke out with such an emphatic, impatient "Hey?" that everybody in the car started up and shouted, nervously and ungrammati-

cally: "I didn't say nothing!" with the exception of the woman with the blue veil, who said: "I said nothing!"

The fat old gentleman was a little annoyed and startled by such a chorus of responses, and fixing his gaze still more intently upon the thin man, said defiantly:

"Wha' say?"

"I-I-I I w-w-wuh-wuh-wasn'-wasn'—I wasn' s-s-sp—speak——"

"Hey?" roared the fat man.

"He wa'n't sayin' nauthin'," shouted the big rough man, nodding friendly encouragement to the thin man; "he hain't opened his mouth!"

"Soap in the South?" queried the fat old gentleman, impatiently. "Wha' for?"

"Mouth, mouth," explained the precise woman, with impressive nicety. "He said, 'opened his mouth.' The gentleman seated directly opposite you was——"

"'Offers to chew,' what?" cried the fat old gentleman, in amazement.

"Sir," said the precise woman, "I made no reference whatever to chewing. You certainly misunderstood me."

The thin man took courage from so many re-enforcements, and broke in:

"I-I-I-I d-d-d-dud-d-u-d-d-u-d-don't-don't—I don't ch-ch-ch——"

"Hey?" shouted the fat gentleman.

"He don't chaw nauthin'!" roared the big rough man, in a voice that made the car windows rattle. "He wa'n't a talkin' when you shot off at him!"

"Who got off?" exclaimed the fat old gentleman. "Wha' d' he get off for?"

"You don't appear to comprehend clearly what he stated," shrieked the precise woman. "No person has left the train."

"Then wha' d' he say so for?" shouted the fat man.

"Oh!" said the thin man, in a surprising burst of fluency; "he-he-de d-d-did-did——"

"Who did?" queried the fat man, talking louder than any one else.

"Num-num-num-num-n-no-nobody, nobody. He-he d-d-d-dud-didn't-didn't s——"

"Then wha' made you say he did?" howled the deaf man.

"You misunderstand him," interrupted the precise woman. "He was probably about to remark that no reference whatever had been intentionally made to the departure of any person from the train, when you interrupted him in the midst of an unfinished sentence, and hence obtained an erroneous impression of the tenor of his remarks. He meant no offence——"

"Know a fence?" roared the fat man. "Of course I know a fence!"

"He hain't got middlin' good hearin'," yelled the big man, as apologetically as a steam whistle could have shrieked it. "Y'ears kind of stuffed up!"

"Time to brush up?" cried the fat man. "Wha' for?"

"No," shrieked the precise woman; "he remarked to the other gentleman that your hearing appeared to be rather defective."

"His father a detective?" hooted the fat gentleman in amazement.

"N-n-n-n-nun-nun-no!" broke in the thin man;

"h-h-h-huh-huh-he-s-s-sa-sa-said-said you w-w-w-wuh was a little dud-dud—was a little deaf!"

"Said I was a thief!" howled the fat man, a scarlet tornado of wrath; "said I was a thief! Wha' d'ye mean? Show him to me! Who says I'm a thief? Who says so?"

"Now," shouted the big rough man, "nobody don't say ye ain't no thief. I jist sayed as how we didn't git along very well. Ye see he," nodding to the thin man, "he can't talk very well, an'——"

"Wh-wh-wh-why c-c-can't I t-t-t-tut-tut-tut-talk?" broke in the thin man, white with rage. "I-I-I-I'd like t-t-to know wh-wh-wh-what's the reason I c-c-can't tut-tut-talk as w-w-w-well as any bub-bub-body that's bub-bub-bub-been tut-tut-talking on this car ever s-s-s-since the tut-tut-tut——"

"Hey?" roared the fat man, in an explosion of indignant suspicion.

"I was sayin'," howled the big rough man, "as how he didn't talk middlin' well——"

"Should say so," growled the fat man, in tones of intense satisfaction.

"And," the big rough man went on, yelling with delight at having made the old party hear something, "and you can't hear only tollable——"

"Can't hear?" the fat old gentleman broke out in a resonant roar. "Can't hear! Like to know why I can't hear! Why can't I? If I couldn't hear better than half the people on this train I'd cut off my ears! Can't hear? It's news to me if I can't. I'd like to know who——"

"Burlington!" yelled the brakeman. "Chag car f'r

Keokuk, Ceed Rap's an' For' Mad'son! This car f'r
Omaha! Twen' mints f'r supper!"

And but for this timely interruption, I don't think
our pleasant little party would have got out of that
snarl this side of San Francisco.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

again and the elephant nearly killed him. He recognized the man, my Uncle John says, though the man had been married more than six months. And that's all I know about elephants.—*Anon.*

ERIN'S FLAG.

UNROLL Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
Let it float o'er the land, let it wave o'er the seas;
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
That never, no, never, while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never, no, never, that banner would yeild,
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up! wave it high!—'tis as bright as of old;
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold,
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears;
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom.
Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the cloud's drifting by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky.
'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high;
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh.

Lift it up! lift it up! the old Banner of Green;
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen.
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
What though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus forever? No! no! God is just!
Take it up! take it up from the tyrant's foul tread,
Lest he tear the Green Flag we will snatch its last shred,

And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead ;
And we'll swear by the blood that the Briton has shed,
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
And we'll swear by the thousands who famished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches—while howling for bread ;
And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,
And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed
That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread ;
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed
Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to the foe that we meant what we said—
That we'll lift up the Green, and we'll tear down the Red.

Lift up the Green Flag ! oh ! it wants to go home ;
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam :
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled ;
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West
It has flitted and fled, but it never shall rest,
Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shore of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.
Take it up ! take it up ! bear it back from afar !
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightning of war ;
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your eyes to the sky,
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die ;
And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth,
To join in the march to the land of their birth ;
And wherever the Exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow, and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam
They'll sail to the music of " Home, sweet Home."

Father Ryan.

BROTHER BILL.

ADAPTED BY ALEX. T. BROWN.

You didn't know my brother Bill, did you? Well, Bill has had hard luck lately. You see he belongs to a baseball club. I joined the same club. Bill belongs to the club more than I do; he plays right field. I got left last summer. They only put me out there now to keep the sun off of Bill. Well, one day we was playing the "Electric Lights" and a fly was knocked to Bill, and while Bill stood looking at the fly there was a goat standing behind Bill. It was the other kind of a goat, a male-man goat, a boy goat, and just about the time that Bill was going to catch the ball the goat caught Bill (on the fly), and Bill—well, he's been walking around lame ever since; he can't see where it was he was struck. Yes, Bill has had awful bad luck. Bill bought a milk route a few months ago, and the horse is a very intelligent animal and a regular racer. Why, every time Bill gets in front of a customer's door, all he's got to do is to halloo out "Milk!" and the horse will stop. Yes; Bill entered him for a race a few days ago against a lot of coach horses, and he was beating the other horses; and just as he got about three feet from the winning-post some fellow who knew all about the horse hallooed out "Milk!" Well, Bill lost the race. Bill married into a large family, and he's got the meanest mother-in-law you ever saw. Oh! she's awful mean; well, she's so mean that if she leans

against a peach tree in the summer it will die in the fall. Why, when she lost her first husband the undertaker came around to the house and asked her what kind of a coffin she wanted, and she said, "Bring around something this side of six dollars; this is no picnic." "Well," he says, "shall I put a plate on the coffin?" She says, "No; I'm going to change my name pretty soon, so you can take the plate off the door down stairs." Then he wanted to know if she required any ice. She says, "Bring around twenty cents worth and put it on his head. You needn't touch his feet, they were frost-bitten last winter." Oh! she's awful mean. She's got a couple of mean brothers. One is a policeman. Well, you see he was off duty one Sunday and went to church with Bill and me, and when the plate come around Bill and me put in our mite (we *might* have put in more, but—). Well, when the man put the plate in front of him he threw back the lappel of his coat and showed his shield. And the other brother he's so mean that he speaks through his nose, afraid of wearing out his teeth. Well, you know Bill's mother-in-law's got a large family, and among them a pair of twins—that is, one each. Their names are Kate and Duplicate—real smart girls, too. One says the other day, she says, "I saw Hazel the other day." The other says, "Which Hazel?" She says, "Witch Hazel," Then that one got mad and says, "I can stick you now," and she says, "What with?" and the other says, "A pin—ah! ha! ha!" This mother-in-law of Bill's has got a son-in-law that she has not spoken a kind word to in twenty years—well, he died in 1863. But then she's had one that she always abused, and found

fault with him all the time. Well, she thought she was going to die not long ago, and she sent for this fellow to come and see her, and soon as she saw him she says: "George, kiss me good-by! I'm going to heaven." Well, he went around to the church next Sunday and gave his pew up. Then she got well and he was taken sick and died, and one night his ghost appeared in her room, and she said: "Whose there?" and the ghost replied, "It is I—George!" This was said in a deep-chest ghost's voice, and she said, "Are you happy?" He replied he was as happy as he could be under the circumstances, and she said, "Well, then, you must be in heaven." He says, "No!" Well, you know he'd lived with her ten years. Well, you know I've had hard luck myself. Why, a man approached me last November on the street and he had a gun in his hand, and he said he wanted me to marry his daughter immediately; if I didn't, he'd shoot me on the spot. Well, I married her; any fellow would. I've been living with her four months. We've been keeping house. I wish the gun had gone off.—*Geo. Thatcher.*

THE FROWARD DUSTER.

EVER since my uncle in California left me three hundred thousand dollars I always wear a linen duster when I travel. I feel as though I could afford it, and society rather demands it of me. Well, the other day I climbed into a train and waited for it to start. By and by I reached into the capacious pockets of that duster, and, in an idle, vagrant kind of a moment, drew

forth a newspaper, radiant with the usual astonishing display of all kinds of stockings in all manner of attitudes. Now, I never buy and I never read that journal, and I was amazed to find it in my pocket. I went down again and brought up a couple of beer tickets. Then I raked again, and found a piece of billiard chalk, several grains of coffee, and a bit of lemon peel. It seemed to me that my ordinarily well-behaved and exemplary duster had evidently been out with the boys last night, instead of reposing in the quiet of the coat-room. Curious to know just how far this iniquity went, I reached into another pocket, and found a corkscrew, three dice—revelling in the luxurious affluence of three aces apiece—and a poker deck, containing four kings of spades. I was ashamed of that duster. Not only had it been out with the boys, but it had fallen among thieves, and was itself the meanest thief of the lot. I was almost afraid to examine the last pocket; but I finally sent down the grapple, and up it came with a whiskey flask,—very empty, but very odorous. I began to wish the train would start, so that I might watch my opportunity and throw that duster, with all its manifold iniquities on its wicked head, into the river. I stealthily felt under the bottle, finding a pair of brass knuckles. That settled it. My duster was irrevocably bad. I would wear it as far as the first river or the first tunnel, and I would never wear it further. Would the train never start?

Just then a gentle hand touched my shoulder. I started and looked up, expecting to see a policeman. If I had been arrested on any charge—theft, burglary, murder, sheep-stealing, treason, anything—I should

have given right in and gone along. I hadn't enough confidence in myself to deny anything. But when I looked up I saw a kind, tender face, and I heard the pleasant voice of a Methodist clergyman. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but I fear you and I have exchanged dusters. I only noticed the change this moment, when I found some letters and lecture-tickets bearing your name in the pockets. The mistake was my own, I have no doubt. I am so very careless, and our dusters are so nearly alike."

I was so shocked that I didn't know what to say nor where to look, but I had just enough sense to say yes, that it was my duster he held in his hands, that I couldn't find my own in the coat-room, and took the only one there was left. And then I gave to this good, innocent man the villanous, old, sin-dyed Philistine that had been corrupting my morals all the morning.

And then, to sit there and never to look around, but just to listen to that man's exclamations of amazement and horror. First he found the billiard chalk. He didn't know what that was, so he only said, "H'm!" Then he found the coffee grains—but he didn't exactly understand them and just said, "Ha!" Then he fished out the corkscrew, and he seemed to comprehend that in a general way, for he said, "What!" in a staccato of astonishment that elicited an encore from the entire audience. The poor man's "Merciful Heavens!" that greeted the appearance of the whiskey flask was drowned in a perfect torrent of applause and wild cries of "Go on!" and "More!" And then when he pulled out the newspaper, and the brass knuckles, he fell back into his seat with an inaudible gasp of hor-

ror, and the whole carful of people just rose as one man, and yelled and howled and tramped on their hats, and wanted to get out and tear out the bottom of the car and throw it into the Shenango River to express their feelings. I never saw so great enthusiasm over such a little thing. And the fainting clergyman came to me, holding the disreputable, character-destroying old gallows-bird of a duster in his trembling hands.

"Sir," he said, with patient rebuke and pitiful appeal mingling in his tremulous utterance, "sir——"

But I steeled my heart against him, because I was as innocent as himself, and it was the pulpit and the rostrum for it.

"Go 'way," I said, "don't bring it around here! Don't you point that thing at me! 'Taint mine! You claimed it yourself! Don't dare to charge me with it! Throw it under the car! Burn it up! I won't have it! Don't you dare——"

But the clergyman held it out toward me and raised his right hand appealingly to heaven. Just before the tableau began to tell with the jury, however, the porter came panting down to the train. He had an innocent looking duster in his hands, with a package of Sunday-school papers bulging in one pocket, and a Moody hymn-book flattening in the other.

"Gent'men," he said, "de bar-keeper sent me down, and he say as how somebody has don' run away wid his duster; and he want it sent back, or he make it pow'ful lively for de man what took it ef he hav to come after it hisself."

That settled it. The clergyman took his own ulster, and gave up the robe of unrighteousness to the ambas-

sador. The man on the wood-box made a generally consolatory remark about the false and fatal strength of circumstantial evidence. The band played "Benny, come back to the farm," and the train pulled out.—*R. J. Burdette.*

ROMANCE OF A HAMMOCK.

SHADY tree—babbling brook,
 Girl in hammock—reading book.
 Golden curls—tiny feet,
 Girl in hammock looks so sweet.

Man rides past—big mustache,
 Girl in hammock makes a "mash."

"Mash" is mutual—day is set,
 Man and maiden—married get.

Married now a year and a day,
 Keeping house in Avenue A.
 Red-hot stove—beefsteak frying,
 Girl got married, cooking trying.

Cheeks all burning—eyes look red,
 Girl got married—almost dead.
 Biscuit burnt up—beefsteak charry,
 Girl got married—awful sorry.

Man comes home—tears mustache,
 Mad as blazes—got no cash.
 Thinks of hammock—in the lane;
 Wishes maiden—back again.
 Maiden also—thinks of swing,
 And wants to go back too, poor thing!

Hour of midnight—baby squawking;
 Man in bare feet—bravely walking;

The baby yells—now the other
 Twin, he strikes up—like his brother.
 Paregoric—by the bottle
 Poured into—the baby's throttle.

Naughty tack—points in air,
 Waiting some one's—foot to tear.

Man in bare feet—see him there!
 O my gracious!—hear him swear!

Raving crazy—gets his gun
 And blows his head off;
 Dead and gone.

Pretty widow—with a book
 In the hammock—by the brook.

Man rides past—big mustache;
 Keeps on riding—nary “mash.”

Anon.

THE SUPPER OF ST. GREGORY

A TALE of Roman guides to tell
 To careless, sight-worn travellers still,
 Who pause beside the narrow cell
 Of Gregory on the Cælian Hill.

One day before the monk's door came
 A beggar, stretching empty palms,
 Fainting and fast-sick, in the name
 Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered: “All I have
 In this poor cell of mine I give—
 The silver cup my mother gave;
 In Christ's name take thou it, and live.

Years passed ; and, called at last to bear
The pastoral crook and keys of Rome,
The poor monk in St. Peter's chair,
Sat the crowned lord of Christendom.

"Prepare a feast," St. Gregory cried,
"And let twelve beggars sit thereat."
And beggars came, and one beside,
An unknown stranger, with them sat.

"I asked thee not," the Pontiff spake,
"O stranger ; but if need be thine,
I bid thee welcome, for the sake
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,
Like His who on Gennesaret trod,
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,
Whose form was like the Son of God.

"Know'st thou," he said, "thy gift of old ?"
And in the hand he lifted up,
The Pontiff marvelled to behold,
Once more his mother's silver cup.

"Thy prayers and alms have risen, and bloom
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven,
I am The Wonderful, through whom
Whate'er thou askest shall be given."

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell
With his twelve guests in mute accord
Prone on their faces, knowing well
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord.

The old-time legend is not vain ;
Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul,
Telling it o'er and o'er again
On gray Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Anon.

THE FRECKLED-FACED GIRL.

HOW SHE ENTERTAINED A VISITOR WHILE HER MA WAS DRESSING.

"MA's up stairs changing her dress," said the freckled-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet-strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh! your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her every-day clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"Oh! but she hasn't got on her every-day clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk, 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond to-day. Miss Dimmond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma don't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming, she said, 'The Dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for more money to buy hymn-books to send 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn-book leaves to do their hair up and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen!"

"Why, you wicked little girl, what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, taking a

mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear, and feel sorry to have her going about naked. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick, he's been out West, and he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she said she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a new muff worse than the queen of the cannon ball islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you ought to go to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natifs'd be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, and you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes pa and ma die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad, depraved man, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a bad example for little girls like you."

"Oh! I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the bannisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't 'round. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckled-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek,

and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real social chat. The little girl's ma can't understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does, should go right over to Miss Dimmond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip.—*Boston Globe*.

A TALE OF THE TENTH HUSSARS.

WHEN the sand of the lonely desert has covered the plains of
strife

Where the English fought for the rescue and the Arab stood for
his life;

When the crash of battle is over, and healed are our wounds and
scars,

There will live in our island story a tale of the Tenth Hussars.

They had charged in the grand old fashion, with furious shout and
swoop,

With a "Follow me, lads!" from the colonel and an answering
roar from the troop;

From the staff, as the troops passed it, in glory of pride and
pluck,

They heard, and they never forgot it, one following shout, "Good
luck!"

Wounded and worn he sat there, in silence of pride and pain,

The man who had led them often, but was never to lead again.

Think of the secret anguish! think of the dull remorse!

To see the Hussars sweep by him, unled by the old white horse!

An alien, not a stranger, with heart of a comrade still.

He had borne his sorrow bravely, as a soldier must and will—

And when the battle was over, in deepening gloom and shade,

He followed the staff in silence, and rode to the grand parade;

For the Tenth had another hero, all ripe for the general's praise,

Who was called to the front that evening, by the name of trooper
Hayes :

He had slashed his way to fortune, when scattered, unhorsed,
alone,

And in saving the life of a comrade had managed to guard his own.
The general spoke out bravely as ever a soldier can—

“The army’s proud of your valor ; the regiment’s proud of their
man.”

Then across that lonely desert, at the close of the general’s praise,
Came a cheer, then a quick, short tremble on the lips of trooper
Hayes. [say ;

“Speak out,” said the kindly colonel, “if you’ve anything, lad, to
Your queen and your dear old country will hear what you’ve done
to-day.”

But the trooper gnawed his chin-strap, then sheepishly hung his
head ;

“Speak out, old chap !” said his comrades. With an effort, at
last, he said :

“I came to the front with my pals here, the boys and the brave
old tars,

I’ve fought for my queen and country, and rode with the Tenth
Hussars :

I’m proud of the fine old regiment !”—then the colonel shook his
hand—

“So I’ll ask one single favor from my queen and my native land.
There sits by your side on the staff, sir, a man we are proud to
own.

He was struck down first in the battle, but never was heard to
groan ;

If I’ve done aught to deserve it”—then the general smiled “Of
course”—

“Give back to the Tenth their colonel !—the man on the old
white horse !

If ever a man bore up, sir, as a soldier should, with pluck,
And fought with a savage sorrow the demon of cursed ill-luck—
That man he sits before you ! Give us back, with his wounds and
scars,

The man who has sorely suffered, and is loved by the Tenth
Hussars !”

Then a cheer went up from his comrades, and echoed across the sand,
And was borne on the wings of mercy to the heart of his native land,
Where the queen on her throne will hear it, and the colonel prince will praise
The words of a simple soldier just uttered by Trooper Hayes.
Let the moralist stoop to mercy, that balm of all souls that live;
For better than all forgetting is the wonderful word "Forgive!"
F. C. Burnand.

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

It's easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph! Job had nothin' to try him:
Ef he'd been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks wouldn't have dared come nigh him.
Trials ineed! Now I'll tell you what—ef you want to be sick of your life,
Jest come and change places with me a spell, for I'm an inventor's wife.
And sech inventions! I'm never sure, when I take up my coffee-pot,
That 'Bijah hain't ben "improvin'" it, and it mayn't go off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once that would keep itself a-rockin';
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head bruised shockin'?
And there was his "Patent Peeler," too—a wonderful thing, I'll say;
But it hed one fault—it never stopped till the apple was peeled away.
As for locks, and clocks, and mowin' machines, and reapers, and all sech trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em, but they don't bring in no cash.

Law! that don't worry him—not at all; he's the aggravatin'est man—
He'll set in his little workshop there, and whistle and think and plan,
Inventin' a Jew's-harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled powder horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to school, and the weeds is chokin' our corn.
When 'Bijah and me kep' company he warn't like this, you know;
Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart—but that was years ago.
He was handsome as any pictur then, and he had such a glib, bright way—
I never thought that a time would come when I'd rue my weddin' day;
But when I've been forced to chop the wood, and tend to the farm beside,
And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest dropped down and cried.
We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was inventin' a gun,
But I counted it one of my marcies when it bu'st before 'twas done.
So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It ought to give thieves a fright—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, ef he sot it off at night.
Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy, he does sech cur'ous things.
Hev I told you about his bedstead yit? 'Twas full of wheels and springs;
It hed a key to wind it up, and a clock face at the head;
All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour you said,
That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced you on the floor,
And then shet up, jest like a box, so you couldn't sleep any more.
Wa'al, 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he sot it at half-past five,
But he hadn't more'n got into it when—dear me! sakes alive!
Them wheels began to whiz and whirr! I heerd a fearful snap,
And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah inside, shet up jest like a trap!

I screamed, of course, but 'twan't no use. Then I worked that hull long night,

A-tryin' to open the pesky thing. At last I got in a fright:

I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he might be dyin';

So I took a crowbar and smashed it in. There was 'Bijah peacefully lyin',

Inventin' a way to git out agin. That was all very well to say,

But I don't b'lieve he'd have found it out if I'd left him in all day.

Now, sence I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm tired of life?

Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's wife?

E. T. Corbett, in Harper's Bazar.

BROTHER GARDNER, OF THE LIME-KILN CLUB, ON LIARS.

"WHO am a liar?" asked the old man, as he stood up in his usual place and glared around him.

Pickles Smith, Trustee Pullback, Samuel Shin, and Evergreen Jones started and turned pale, and there was a death-like silence as Brother Gardner continued:

"An' what shall we do wid him—wid de liar, an' de liars? De liar am wid us an' of us an' among us. He gits up wid us in de mawnin' and lies down wid us at night. Go to de grocery, an' de grocer smiles an' nods an' lies. Go to de dry-goods man, an' he has a welcome an' a lie. De tailor promises a suit when he knows he can't finish it. De shoemaker promises a pair of butes for Saturday when he has three days' work on de nex' week. De ice man charges us wid twenty-five pounds an' delivers sixteen. Our carpets am warranted, an' yet dey fade. De plumber plumbs an' lies. De painter paints an' lies. De carpenter planes an'

saws an' cheats. De dressmaker not only lies but steals de cloth. We all lie like troopers fifty times a day, an' de man who won't lie doan' stan' any show.

"An' yet, my frens, whar will we bring up in de eand? When Waydown Bebee axes me fur de loan of a dollar till Saturday, he lies. He knows he can't pay it back under fo' weeks. I know he knows it, an' I lie. I tell him I jist paid out de last shillin' fur a washbo'd, an' can't possibly raise no mo'. If I ax Judge Hostetter Jackson to sign a bank note wid me, he lies when he says he promised his dyin' gran'mudder nebber to do so. We lie when we w'ar better cloze dan we can afford—when we put on airs above us—when we put on our backs what orter be fodder fur our stomachs. We has become a red-hot, go-ahead, dust-aroun' nashun, but we has also become a nashun of liars, cheats, and false pretenders. Our religion furnishes a cloak for hypocrites, an' our charity am but a high-soundin' name fur makin' a dollar bring back ten shillings. I doan' know what de principle wickedness of Sodom consisted of, nor wheder de folks in Gomorrow tole lies or pitched pennies, but if either one could beat an American town of de same size fur lyin' an' decepshun dey mus' have got up werry airly in de mawnin', an' stayed awake all night long. We lie, an' we know we lie. We play the hypocrite, we cheat and deceive, an' yit we want the world to pick us out as shinin' examples of virtue, an' we expect our tombstones to bear eulogies gorgious 'nuff fur angels. Gentlemen, let us kick each odder into doin' better! Let de kickin' begin just whar it happens, fur we can't hit anybody who doan' need it!"

Waydown Bebee arose to inquire if he had ever borrowed a dollar of de President and neglected to return it on the date specified.

"You has, sah!" was the prompt reply.

Waydown scratched his head, looked around for a soft spot to break his fall, and finally sat down with a look of melancholy creeping over his complexion.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE YANKEE.

SAM BROWN was a fellow from way down East
Who never was "staggered" in the least.
No tale of marvellous beast or bird
Could match the stories he had heard.
No curious place or wondrous view
"Was ekil to Podunk, I tell yu."
They showed him a room where a queen had slept;
'Twan't "up to the tavern daddy kept."
They showed him Lucerne. But he had drunk
From the beautiful Mollichunkamunk.
They took him at last to ancient Rome,
And inveigled him into a catacomb.

Here they plied him with draughts of wine
(Though he vowed old cider was twice as fine)
Till the fumes of Falernian filled his head,
And he slept as sound as the silent dead.
They removed a mummy to make him room,
And laid him at length in the rocky tomb.

They piled old skeletons round the stone,
Set a "dip" in a candlestick of bone,
And left him to slumber there alone.
Then watched from a distance the taper's gleam,
Waiting to jeer at his frightened scream
When he should awake from his drunken dream.

After a time the Yankee woke,
 But instantly saw through the flimsy joke;
 So never a cry or shout he uttered,
 But solemnly rose and slowly muttered:
 "I see how it is. It's the judgment day,
 We've all been dead and stowed away;
 All these stone furreners sleepin' yet,
 An' I'm the fust one up, you bet!
 Can't none o' you Romans start, I wonder!
 United States is ahead, by thunder!"

THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

A FRIGHTFUL face! Wal, yes, yer correct;
 That man on the engine thar'
 Don't pack the handsomest countenance—
 Every inch of it sportin' a scar;
 But I tell you, pard, thar' ain't money enough
 Piled up in the national banks
 To buy that face—nor a single scar—
 (No, I never indulges. Thanks)

Yes, Jim is an old-time engineer,
 An' a better one never war knowed!
 Bin a runnin' yar since the fust machine
 War put on the Quincy road;
 An' thar ain't a galoot that pulls a plug
 From Maine to the jumpin' off place
 That knows more about the big iron hoss
 Than him with the battered up face.

Git hurt in a mash-up? No, 'twas done
 In a sort o' legitimate way;
 He got it a tryin' to save a gal
 Up yar on the road last May.
 'I hevn't much time fur to spin you the yarn,
 Fur we pull out at two twenty-five—
 Jist wait till I climb up an' toss in some coal,
 So to keep the old "go" alive.

Jim war pullin' the Burlin'ton passenger then,
Left Quincy half an hour late,
An' war skinnin' along purty lively so's not
To lay out number twenty-one freight.
The "go" war more than a 'hopin' 'em up,
An' a quiverin' in every nerve!
When all at once Jim yelled "Merciful God!"
As she shoved her sharp nose 'round a curve.

I jumped to his side o' the cab, an' ahead
'Bout two hundred paces or so
Stood a gal on the track, her hands raised aloft,
An' her face jist as white as the snow.
It seems she war so paralyzed with fright
That she couldn't move for'ard or back,
An' when Jim pulled the whistle she fainted an' fell
Right down in a heap on the track.

I'll never forgit till the day o' my death
The look that cum over Jim's face;
He throwed the old lever cl'ar back like a shot,
So's to slacken the "go's" wild pace.
Then he let on the air brakes as quick as a flash,
An' out through the window he fled,
An' skinned 'long the runnin' board cl'ar out in front,
An' lay down on the pilot ahead.

Then, just as we reached whar the poor creatur' lay,
He grabbed a tight hold of her arm,
An' raised her right up so's to throw her one side
Out o' reach of all danger an' harm.
But somehow he slipped an' fell in with his head
On the rail, as he throwed the young lass,
An' the pilot, in strikin' him, ground up his face
In a frightful an' horrible mass!

As soon as I stopped I backed up the train
To the spot whar the poor fellow lay;
An' thar set the gal with his head in her lap,
An' a wipin' the warm blood away.

The tears rolled in torrents right down from her eyes,
 While she sobbed like her heart war all broke—
 I tell you, my friend, sich a sight as that 'ar
 Would move the tough heart of an oak.

We put Jim aboard an' run back to town,
 Whar for week arter week the boy lay
 A hoverin' right in the shadder o' death,
 An' that gal by his bed every day.
 But nursin' an' doctorin' brought him around—
 Kinder snatched him right outen the grave;
 His face ain't so han'som' as 'twar, but his heart
 Remains jist as noble an' brave.

* * * * *

Of course thar's a sequel—as story books say—
 He fell dead in love, did this Jim;
 But he hadn't the heart to ax her to have
 Sich a battered up rooster as him.
 She knowed how he felt, an' last New Year's Day
 War the fust day o' leap year, you know,
 So she jist cornered Jim an' proposed on the pote,
 An' you bet he didn't say no.

He's buildin' a house up thar on the hill,
 An' has laid up a snug pile o' cash,
 The weddin's to be on the first o' next May—
 Jist a year from the day o' the mash.
 The gal says he risked his dear life to save hers,
 An' she'll jist turn the tables about
 An' give him the life that he saved—thar's the bell
 Good-day, sir, we're goin' to pull out.—*Anon.*

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER

YESTERNIGHT, as I sat with an old friend of mine,
 In his library, cozily over our wine,
 Looking out on the guests in the parlor, I said,
 Of a lady whose shoe showed some ripping of thread:
 "Frank, she looks like a shoemaker's daughter."

"Yes," said Frank, "yes; her shoe has a rip to the side—
The mishap of the moment—the lady's a bride.
That reminds me of something; and here as we sit,
If you'll listen with patience, I'll spin you a bit
Of a yarn of a shoemaker's daughter.

When I was a boy, half a century since—
How one's frame, as one numbers the years, seems to wince!
A dear little girl went to school with me then—
As I sit in my arm-chair I see her again:
Kitty Mallet, the shoemaker's daughter.

Whence the wonderful ease in her manner she had?
Not from termagant mother, nor hard-working dad?
Yet no doubt that, besides a most beautiful face,
The child had decorum, refinement and grace,
Not at all like a shoemaker's daughter.

Her dress was of six-penny print, but 'twas clean;
Her shoes, like all shoemaker's children's were mean;
Her bonnet, a wreck, but, whatever she wore,
The air of a damsel of breeding she bore—
Not that of a shoemaker's daughter.

The girls of the school, when she entered the place,
Pinched each other, then tittered and stared in her face,
She heeded no insult, no notice she took;
But quietly settled herself to her book—
She meant business, that shoemaker's daughter.

Still jeered at by idler, and dullhead and fool,
A hermitess she in the crowd of the school:
There was wonder indeed when it soon came to pass
That "Calico Kitty" was head of the class.

"What! Kitty! That shoemaker's daughter!"

Still wearing the same faded calico dress,
And calm, as before, in the pride of success;
Her manner the same, easy, soft and refined,
'Twas she seemed an heiress, while each left behind
In the race was a shoemaker's daughter.

Bit by bit all her schoolmates she won to her side,
 To rejoice in her triumph, be proud in her pride,
 And I with the rest. I felt elderly then—
 For I was sixteen—while the lass was but ten;
 So I petted the shoemaker's daughter.

Do you see that old lady with calm, placid face?
 Time touches her beauty, but leaves all her grace:
 Do you notice the murmurs that hush when she stirs,
 And the honor and homage so pointedly hers?
 That's my wife, sir, the shoemaker's daughter."

Thomas Dunn English.

GRANNIE'S PICTURE.

A SCOTCH STORY.

Now in her cosy high-back'd chair
 My dear old Grannie's seated there,
 With snowy 'kerchief on her breast,
 And folded hands in lap at rest,
 While I am seated at her feet
 To have a rare and special treat,
 For she has promised me to-day
 A tale of time long passed away,
 An ower true tale—when she was young—
 Told in her own dear Scottish tongue;
 Tears shining in her old bleary'd eyes,
 She thus began—'midst sobs and sighs.

"Weel, weel, my bairn, ye dinna ken
 The warks, an' ways, langsyne, o' men.
 Gin ye but look upon the wall
 Aboon the shelf sae braid an' tall
 Ye'll find ae pictur i' the jo*
 Wha lo'ed ye'r Grannie lang ago

* This and many other like expressions are Grannie's own Scotch.

When but a lassie, sic as thou,
 Wi' curlie locks an' towzie pow,
 Ae cantie laddie, wi' nae plaidie red
 Or bonnet blue, upon his bonnie head.
 But he was birkie, couthie, braw an' fair,
 Wi' een o' blue, an' gowden yellow hair;
 How dearly him I lo'ed I ne'er maun tell;
 But certie sure I am 'twas true an' well;
 My mither ken'd it a'. The nichts he came,
 He was nae unco stranger at our hame,
 The fire bleezed *brichter* tae the vera crook
 When he sat by it, an' his laugh an' jook
 Rattled an' clatter'd till the merry glee
 Wad rin the tears in rivers, frae our ee;
 Sae winsome was the laddie ilka whare,
 The sicht o' him was guid for een, 'twas sair;
 His collie doggie'd, sit a-hint the bink—
 Ae tidy dog he was, wi' knowin wink—
 Noo' at the ane o'us, an' then the ither,
 Or watchin' o' the spinnin' wheel, whare mither
 Wad mak the spindle fly, wi' busy hum
 Fu' sweet, an' listfu', and sae saft an' tum.
 O Lammie, Heaven ne'er cuid seem mair *bricht*
 Than was our ingleside, a winter's nicht.
 'Twas twal month, mair, aye nearly twa,
 Since my dear faither gaed awa,
 Tae sail his ship, tae foreign main,
 An' noo' he's back, an' hame again.
 I dearly lo'ed my faither; an' my mither, his guid wife,
 Sair't him wi' a' her heart, an' for him wad hae gien her life.
 But when he ken'd the widow's son, wha had nae gowd or siller,
 An' airn'd sae hard his mither's bread, a warkin' tae the miller,
 Cam 'wooing for his dochter's han', an' that her heart she gave,
 He swoor that sooner far he'd lay that dochter i' her grave—
 Ech, Lammie, 'tis the ower tauld tale o' ae puir lassie's heart,
 By cruel faither's iron will, sae rudely forc'd tae part.
 Alas, alas, wi' the first luve, that e'er it call'd its ain,
 An' tho' it maun live three score years, it canna come again.

My laddie was too honest far by stealth tae come tae me,
 He vow'd he wad ae captain be, an' when, far ower the sea,
 He'd gathered gowd an' siller, an' haed muckle wealth untold,
 He back wad come an' buy me frae my faither wi' his gowd.
 But years, a-top o' years, roll'd on, sae sad, sae sair, sae slow,
 Yet brocht me back nae tidin's o' my heart's first mate, my jo.
 His mither, just afore she died, his pictur gied tae me,
 An' I hae kept it iver since, an' will until I dee—
 Aye! aften wi' it on my knees, I've ask'd my God in prayer
 Tae tak me tae my laddie dear, that I maun meet him whare
 There be nae partin' iver, for I ken'd my laddie noo',
 Awa among the angels, is wi' croon upon his broo. [brocht,
 Ech! weel, ane time when faither came, ae fine man hame he
 Wha muckle gow'd an' riches haed, fit for his son he thocht,
 An' sairly bade me wed him then an' there;
 That man, my Lammie, was ye'r ain forebear.
 Aye! weel do I remember, bairn, as 'twar but yestereen,
 I tauld him o' my luv for jo, an' a' that sud hae been,
 An' he, ye'r ain forebear, my bairn, was gallant, just, an' true,
 An' tauld me, gin he ken'd my jo, that he cuid lo'e hin too,

* * * * *

Langsyne, they twa hae met, Lammie,
 Aboon, wi' God in Heav'n,
 Whare my puir, tired, waesome heart,
 Is langin' tae be gaen.

Ech, Lammie dear, I dinna ken the mony kinds o' croon,
 The Laird an' Maister maks an' keeps for a' the heads aboon,
 But weel I ken the rose an' wee bit prickly thorn,
 He mingled wi' the Crass, I, on my heart, hae worn,
 While trav'lin' here, along the lang an' lonesome road,
 But as I'm nearin' noo' the lan' whare dwells my God,
 My Lammie dear, I wad na' hae ane thorn awa;
 He kens them weel, for surely He hae counted a',
 An' ilka sin o' mine an' cruel pain,
 He's wash'd an' heal'd wi' precious bluid, His ain.
 An' i' the countrie whither I'm a gangin' tae I'll meet
 My mither dear an' faither, walkin' i' the gowden street,

An' there nae guide, nae pictur will I need tae ken
 My bonnie laddie, an' my ain guid man, the best o' men,
 Ken weel, my Lammie dear, nae marryin' ayont the sod;
 For a' are liken' there unto the blessed Son o' God.
 Ech! Lammie, when ye'r Grannie's head is lyin' cauld an' low,
 An' a' the bonnie flow'rs ye'll plant aboon her grave will grow,
 Tak frae the wall an' keep it safe, an' keep it aye wi' care,
 My laddie's pictur; an' the lock o' gowden yellow hair
 Ye'll find secure an' safe a-back the wee auld picture frame,
 Wrapt i' ae bit o' paper, whare I writ his age an' name.
 My guidman an' my jo hae gaen to God aboon,
 Ech! Dinna fash aboot them noo' I'll meet them soon.
 My Lammie dear, my tale o' luve is dune,
 I only bide ae wee the settin' o' life's sun,
 An' when ye'r life, my bairn, an' luvies on earth are o'er,
 We'll meet, my Lammie dear, upon the shiny shore,
 An' then we'll walk thegith'r the grand, the gowden street,
 An' ye'r ain forebear, an' my jo, we'll kindly greet.

Mrs. M. E. Sniffen.

NINETY-EIGHT.

IN the old marble town of Kilkenny,
 With its abbeys, cathedrals and halls,
 Where the Norman bell rings out at nightfall,
 And the relics of gray crumbling walls
 Show traces of Celt and of Saxon,
 In bastions, and towers, and keeps,
 And graveyards and tombs tell the living
 Where glory or holiness sleeps;
 Where the Nuncio brought the Pope's blessing,
 And money and weapons to boot,
 Whilst Owen was wild to be plucking
 The English clan up by the root;
 Where regicide Oliver revelled
 With his Puritan, ironside horde,
 And cut down both marble and monarchy,
 Grimly and grave—with the sword;

There, in that old town of history,
England, in famed Ninety-eight,
Was busy with gallows and yeomen,
Propounding the laws of the State.

They were hanging a young lad—a rebel—
On a gibbet before the old jail,
And they marked his weak spirit to falter,
And his white face to quiver and quail;
And he spoke of his mother, whose dwelling
Was but a short distance away—
A poor, lorn, heart-broken widow—
And he her sole solace and stay.
“Bring her here,” cried the chief of the yeomen—
“A lingering chance let us give
To this spawn of a rebel to babble,
And by her sage counsel to live.”

And quick a red trooper went trotting
From the town to the poor cabin-door,
And he found the old lone woman sitting
And spinning upon the bare floor.
“Your son is in trouble, old damsel!
They have him within in the town,
And he wishes to see you; so bustle,
And put on your tucker and gown.”

The old woman stopped from the spinning,
With a frown on her deep-wrinkled brow:
“I know how it is—cursed yeoman!
I am ready—I’ll go with you now.”
He seized her, enraged, by the shoulder,
And, lifting her up on his steed,
Stuck the spurs, and they rode to the city,
Right ahead, and with clattering speed.

They stopped at the foot of the gallows,
And the mother confronted the son—
And she hugged his young heart to her bosom,
And kissed his face, pallid and wan.

And, as the rope dangled before her,
She held the loop fast in her hand—
For, though her proud soul was unblenching,
Her frail limbs were failing to stand ;
And whilst the raw yeomen came crowding
To witness the harrowing scene,
The brave mother flushed to the forehead,
And spoke with the air of a queen :
“ My son, they are going to hang you,
For loving your faith and your home,
And they called me to urge you, and save you,
And, in God’s name, I’ve answered and come.
They murdered your father before you,
And I knelt on the red, reeking sod,
And I watched his hot blood steaming upward
To call down the vengeance of God.
No traitor was he to his country—
No blot did he leave on his name—
And I always could pray at his cold grave—
Oh ! the priest could kneel there without shame ! ”

“ To hell with your priests and your rebels ! ”
The captain cried out with a yell,
Whilst, from the tall tower in the temple,
Rang out the sweet Angelos bell.

“ Blessed Mother ! ” appealed the poor widow,
“ Look down on my child and on me ! ”
“ Blessed Mother ! ” sneered out the vile yeoman ;
“ Tell your son to *confess*, and be free.”

“ Never ! never !—he’ll die like his father.
My boy ! give your life to the Lord ;
But of treason to Ireland, *ma vourneen* !
Never breathe one dishonoring word ! ”

His white cheek flushed up at her speaking—
His heart bounded up at her call—
And his hushed spirit seemed, at awaking,
To scorn death, yeomen and all.

"I'll die, and I'll be no *informer*—
 My kin I will never disgrace;
 And when God lets me see my poor father
 I can lovingly look in his face."

"You'll see him in hell!" cried the yeoman,
 As he flung the sad widow away—
 And the youth in a moment was strangling
 In the broad eye of shuddering day.

"Give the gallows a passenger outside!"
 A tall Hessian spluttered aloud,
 As he drove a huge nail in the timber
 'Mid the curses and cries of the crowd.
 Then, seizing the poor bereaved mother,
 He passed his broad belt round her throat,
 Whilst her groaning was lost in the drum-beat,
 And her shrieks in the shrill bugle note.

And mother and son were left choking,
 And struggling and writhing in death,
 Whilst angels looked down on the murder,
 And devils were wrangling beneath.

* * * * *

"*For this*," cries the Exile defiant—
 "*For this*," cries the Patriot brave;
 "*For this*," cries the lonely Survivor,
 O'er many a horror-marked grave;
 "*For this*," cry the Priest and the Peasant—
 The student, the lover, the lost;
 The stalworth, who pride in their vigor,
 The frail, as they give up the ghost;
For this, we curse Saxon dominion,
 And join in the world-wide cry
 That wails up to heaven for vengeance
 Thro' every blue gate of the sky!

Dr. Campion.

THE WIDDER.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.

"One more unfortunate Gone to her death!"

HOOD.

Do I know the bottom facts about the Widder?

Wall, a few!

W'll I tell 'em to ye, neighbor?

Wall, I don't car' ef I do!

Step inside an' hev some "cider"—

Hev a cheer, neighbor. Come!

Needn't be so bashful 'bout it,

Jest you make y'rself to hum.

We ain't fixt fur 'ceivin' Yorkers,

It's M'lissy's washin' day;

You'll excuse her, won't ye, neighbor?

She's her wringins under way.

Yis, she's got up quite regardless

In her Monday mornin's duds,

An' she's tugged away since breakfast,

Up to elbows in the suds.

Wall, I b'lieve I won't disturb her.—

Oh, I'll give ye some ide

About the Widder, ez they call 'er—

Now, hol' on, jest let me see!

'Twas a stormy winter's evenin',

Wall, three years ago, or more,

I sot waitin' fur the mail-stage

Over here in Bronson's store.

Bronson, then, sold simply groceries,

All his barrel heads was green;
 Folks brought cans thet wanted whiskey,
 Winked, and called fur kerosene.
 Now, he sells rum under license,
 But it's some'at, I expec',
 Like a Tilden torch pr'ceshin
 Climbin' down a feller's neck!

Wall, there'd been a fall o' snow, sir,
 An' the evenin' stage was late,
 Which ain't ap' t' improve the tempers
 Of them folks what has to wait.
 I'd mos' got tired o' waitin',
 An' was jest agoin' to shift,
 When a voice out on the turnpike
 Hollered, "Bronson, gi' me a lift!"
 Wall, ez Bronson he was busy
 Tyin' up an ounce o' mace,
 I, jest merely to obleege him,
 Went outdoors in Isaac's place;
 An' I found t'was Henry Beerses
 Voice that hollered in to Ike;
 He'd just druv up with the stage-coach
 With his mail-stuff and sich like,
 An' he says, "Bill, lend a han' here!
 Now, keep still, don't make no noise,
 There's a gal inside, bad taken,
 Keep it shady from the boys.
 Pick't her up below to Hubbells;
 Guess she's taken pretty bad,
 Better take her into Bronson's."
 "Yes," said I; "I guess we had!"

Hen an' me a gently holdin'—
 I her feet an' Hen her head—
 Lugged her safely into Bronson's,
 Where we laid her on a bed.
 Wall, fur takin' car' o' sick-folks

Hen nor me 'u'd never do;
Sayin' nothin' of a lady
In a spell o' faintin'! So,
No women bein' handy,
'Less 'twas Isaac Bronson's wife,
Who never'd had no sickness
In her fam'ly in her life,
I went home an' lugged M'lissy
Thro' the rain an' slush an' sleet—
She'd been callin' to her sister's,
Phoebe Perkins, up the street.
An' we bro't along her bottles,
Smellin'-salts an' alcohol,
An' her bag o' yarbs fur steepin'
Which she'd pick't the preevyis Fall;
An' we sot to work to fannin',
Clapped her han's ez white ez snow,
An' in suthin' like a jiffy
We'd, amongst us, fetched her to.

Wall, when last her eyes had opened,
Hen says, "Bill, I'll go, I b'lieve!"
So we both went out together,—
It was time fur men to leave.
Henry whispered to M'lissy
He'd stay roun' fur fear the gal
Should be taken of a suddent
With another faintin' spell,
An' I started fur the doctor
With the sorrel to the sleigh,
But, as al'ys when they're wanted,
Found he'd jest been called away.

I waited most till mornin'
Before the doctor come,
Every second seemin' hours.
Wall, when we druv fur hum,
Thet goll darn little sorrel

Made the cutter fairly skip.
I let doctor do the drivin',
I jest slung the black-snake whip,
An' we come that four mile, neighbor,
At a square three-minit gait—
Might ez well 'a' took our time, though,
Fur we got there jes' too late.

The little Widder, neighbor,
Had been cold a half an hour ;
When Doc' an' me dub up there
They'd the crape hung on the door.
She'd passed away, unconscious ;
Ez the storm outside blew o'er
M'lissy went to wake her,
An' she found she was no more.
Neighbor, two storms died that mornin'
T'other'd raged inside her breast ;
Both died out, sir, died forever,
An' the Widder found her rest.

For she told a touchin' story,
'Fore she died, to our M'liss ;
I'll relate it to ye, neighbor,
Ef I don't break down. 'Twas this :

She belonged, you see, in Bos'on,—
Liv'd there with her sister Clar'y,
Who'd sent her fur her schoolin'
To a ladies' seminary.

She, it seems, sir, was an orphan—
Clar'y was her only kin
That had gi'n to her a shelter.
Wall, she said she'd only been
To the 'cademy a quarter,
When she up an' run away
With a fascinatin' feller
In a comfortable way.

He'd told her that he loved her,
And had teased her to elope
An' go with him an' git married—
Turned her head with his soft-soap.
An' she b'lieved the tarnal critter,
Thought his love 'u'd never fade,
Never dreamin' of her folly
Till she found her trust betrayed
An' he'd run away an' left her
In her misery and shame
After writin' her a letter
Tellin' her she was to blame.

How'd we come to call her widder?
Oh! the neighbors here about
Sot to asking certain questions—
Kind o' tried to pry things out—
And to stop their 'tarnal quizzin'
(Hev another glass o' cider?)
We jest merely told some on 'em
The gal she was a widder,
Which kind o' somehow took effect;
The 'tarnal quizzin' ceased,
An' we smothered up the scandal
Till we'd buried her, at least.

A man named Caleb Curtis
Tried to start a little gossip,
Till I threatened that I'd skin him,
'Less he stopped it, with my ho's'ip.

Well, we gev the gall a fun'ral;
Yonder's whar thet coffin sot;
'Twas a quiet like affair, sir.
Where's she buried? In our lot.

She was purty, thet 'ere widder—
Why, her face was jest like cream,
An' ez soft an' smooth ez velvet.
Oh! it really made her seem,

Ez she laid into the coffin
With a lily on her breast
(Which I made M'lissy put there,
Ez it was her las' request)
Jest as though she was an, angel
In a sort o' sweet repose.
Ah, she might hev been by that time,
Up in heaven there, who knows?

I ain't much, sir, on religi'n,
I can't read, nor write, nor spell,
So, what's in the Good Book, neighbor,
I can't very easy tell;
But I b'lieve that there's a heaven,
'Cause the Parson tells me so;
He sez that there's a hell, sir,
An' I think he ought to know.
Wall, I b'lieve that little widder's
Up there where, 'mongst the good ones—oh,
I believe that she's forgiven,
That she's washed ez white ez snow!
I b'lieve, fur Christ showed mercy
To a thief on Calvary,
That 'ere widder she's an angel,
An' I think she ought to be!

She wa'n't bro't up by her mother,
Guided from her infancy,
Didn't even hev' a brother
To protect her. An' ye see
She gev that 'tarnal critter
All her very heart and soul,
An' he run away an' left her
After crushin' both. I hol'
That man'll never prosper,
He'll git paid, you may depend.
I, sir, b'lieve in retribution—
He'll hev' a bitter end.

There's a plenteous lot o' bad folks
 In this world of ours, no doubt;
 There's some scraggy thistles growin' **here**
 That ought to be pulled out.
 There is crimes ez bad ez stealin',
 Bad ez murder, thet are done
 An' left, on earth, unpunished!
 That 'ere scoundrel's act is one!

There's his pictur. Take it, neighbor,
 You're from 'York? Wall, so was he!
 Ef ye ever run agin' him
 Jest communicate with me.
 Don't be 'fraid that I'll forgit 'im—
 I know jest what I'm about,
 I've his pictur' in my mind, sir,
 Stamp't there, where it can't rub out!
 I'll give that 'tarnal critter
 Somethin' he won't soon forgit—
 What? you'll take it? Thank ye, neighbor,
 We may run agin 'im yit.

Why, ef he was out in Asia,
 An' I thought I'd find 'im there,
 I'd go there, now, an' thrash 'im
 Ef it took me fifteen year!
 I reckon I'm the queerest
 Man I guess you've ever seen;
 I mean jest what I say, sir,
 An' I say jest what I mean;
 That, when I hear of scoundrels
 Like that curly-headed swell,
 Oh, I feel it in my soul, sir,
 I REJOICE THAT THERE'S A HELL!

Hawley Chapman.

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

"THERE, Simmons, you blockhead ! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until the 1.05 A.M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded stupid carelessness."

"She——"

"*She!* You fool ! What else could you expect of her ! Probably she hasn't any wit ; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poor-house. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mince-meat of you !" and our worthy ticket-agent 'shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming forward to a queer looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil, and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now ; you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1.05."

"Very well, sir ; I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel ? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9.50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare indeed that any one takes the night express, and almost always, after I have struck ten, the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket agent put on his great coat, and bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out upon the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously. Then it was I witnessed such a sight as I never had before and never expect to again.

The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor, pinched face.

“I can’t believe it,” she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. “Oh! I can’t believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, ‘Ise love you, mamma;’ and now, O God! they’ve turned against me. Where am I going? To

the poor-house ! No ! no ! no ! I cannot ! I will not ! Oh, the disgrace ! ”

And sinking upon her knees, she sobbed out in prayer : “ O God ! spare me this and take me home ! O God, spare me this disgrace ; spare me ! ”

The wind rose higher, and swept through the crevices icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt. I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely around him.

Oh, how cold ! Only one lamp remained, burning dimly ; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter, and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say :

“ 'Tis train time, ma'am. Come ! ”

A look of joy came over her face.

“ I'm ready,” she whispered.

“ Then give me your pass, ma'am.”

She reached him a worn old book, which he took and from it read aloud :

“ Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

“That’s the pass over our road, ma’am. Are you ready?”

The light died away and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start, and snatched his lantern. The whistles sounded down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

“Wake up, marm; ’tis train time.”

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white, set face, and dropping his lantern, fled.

The up-train halted, the conductor shouted “All aboard,” but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict “apoplexy,” and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So, after the second day, they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the occurrence of that night, I know that she went out on the other train, that never stopped at the poor-house.—*Quarterly Elocutionist*.

AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY.

HE struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same

To prevent him so bold and undaunted;

But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,

“Avaunt, sir!” and off he *avaunted*.

But when he returned, with the fiendishest laugh,
 Showing clearly that he was affronted,
 And threatened by main force to carry her off,
 She cried "Don't!" and the poor fellow *donted*.

When he meekly approached, and sat down at her feet,
 Praying aloud, as before he had ranted,
 That she would forgive him and try to be sweet,
 And said "Can't you?" the dear girl *recanted*.

Then softly he whispered, "How could you do so?
 I certainly thought I was jilted;
 But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go;
 Say, wilt thou, my dear?" and she *wilted*.—*Anon.*

NO 5 COLLECT ST.

CORRECT VERSION. BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH
 THE AUTHOR.

ABOUT the year 1800, Centre Street in the City of New York was called the "Collect," owing to its rapid descent, and taking the drainage from Chamber and other adjoining streets down to the low grounds about Canal Street. At the corner of Chamber and the Collect (next to the "old Manhattan reservoir," which was destroyed about the year ——) there stood an unpretentious brick house, occupied by a worthy landlord of foreign birth as a private first-class hotel. The inmates were mostly of French and Spanish origin, and this place was held in high estimation by the goodly citizens of that day.

Among the guests was one Mons. Riffard, who was halting there for a day or two on his way from Paris to

Montreal. He understood the English language imperfectly, and could only command a word here and there to make himself understood.

With this simple introduction we will now proceed to relate his adventures on the first evening of his visit. Mons. Riffard, entering the office of the hotel, requested the attendant to direct him to some respectable place of amusement in the vicinity where he might spend a pleasant evening (an English theatre in preference), as he wished to lose no opportunity of acquiring the language. The clerk, accompanying him to the door, begged him to direct his vision over and away across the Park, directly between the Rotunda (on the opposite corner) and the "old gray-stone jail for debtors" (since transformed into the "hall of records"), to the large building brilliantly lighted up, and known as the Park Theatre, or "Old Drury." Monsieur, perceiving it as directed, bowed politely, and thanking the young man, departed for his destination; but coming to a sudden halt, and retracing his steps with "Mille pardons," asked the clerk to give him the name and the number of the street. "Ah, yes," replied the latter, "No. 5 Collect Street." "Bien!" responded Monsieur, "I will repeat it often in English on my way there," and so he continued onward, repeating "5 Collect Street, 5 Collect Street," and as he proceeded, accelerated his pace and the repetition of "5 Collect Street, 5 Collect Street," etc., etc., till arriving at his destination he found himself quite out of breath, and the name of the street changed to 5 Colley Street.

Quite a line of persons had formed, reaching to the box-office, into which our friend fell, and leisurely he

progressed, repeating, "5 Colley Street." At last, reaching the pigeon-hole, he plunged his hand into it, crying out, "Von tickette, 5 Colley Street." The ticket-seller, quite astonished at being addressed in this way, looked at the muttering visitor rather severely on handing the ticket; but regardless of the angry look, he grasped the card, with a bow, and "Number 5"—now "5 Colleytie Street"—passed on, and taking a front seat in the dress-circle, placed his elbows on the velvet-padded cushion, kept his eyes on the green curtain in front, and still mumbled over, "5 Colleytie Street, 5 Colleytie Street." The ladies and gentlemen, on entering, looked with some distrust upon the strangely behaving gentleman, and naturally moved away from close contact with him. Still, in the same attitude, he muttered over, "5 Colleytie Street."

The play was "Macbeth," and in the second scene of the second act (commonly called the murder scene) the whole audience, intent upon the dreadful events transpiring, and quieted down to that degree that the least whisper could be distinctly heard, as Macbeth rushes forward, exclaiming, "I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?" were suddenly aroused by our excited hero, who, also interested in the tragedy, had forgotten his self-imposed task, and springing to his feet with a wild look, screamed out, "*Ah ! J'ai oubliez, j'ai oubliez ! Oh, sabre de bois !* I have er him. No, I no have er heem. Not you, Monsieur, nor Madame Macabee's. Mais mine—vat you call ?—ah, oui, mine memorie. I no remembraire ze street ; hees run away."

Immediately, Macbeth with his poniard and Lady Macbeth became, as it were, transfixed with astonish-

ment, while from all parts of the house arose the cry of "Put him out!" followed by a rude seizure of Riffard's person, a lifting up from his feet, and a precipitate rushing toward the doors, amid loud yelling and his energetic gesticulations to make himself understood.

In much less time than it requires to recite the event, poor Mons. Riffard found himself in a very dilapidated condition upon the sidewalk in front of the theatre. While gaining breath, and contemplating his situation, a hackman accosted him with, "Take a carriage, sir?" The manner of the man, appearing to him so kindly, warmed the bewildered stranger, and suggested the inquiry, "You vill take me vére I shall vant to go?"

"Yes, sir, certainly; step in."

After being seated, the driver asked him where he should drive to.

"Drive? Bien! vére I vants to go."

"But the street, sir, and the number?"

"Yes, street—vére I vant to go."

The hackman, finding finally that his customer could give him no further information, and being somewhat of a wag, requested him to alight and go to the driver next behind, who would be sure to give him entire satisfaction. Our hero went to the next one on the stand as directed, and repeated the question, "You shall take me vére I vants to go?"

"That I will, sir, and briskly, too. What's the direction?"

"Direction!" repeated Riffard, "no, not direction, mais vére I vant to go."

"Well, I don't know anything about that. Tell me

where you wish to be taken to and I will drive you there."

"Drive! no, no! Look, I vill give you von dollare—two dollare—tree dollare—you take me vere I shall vant to go, eh?"

"Well, you see, my friend," responded the driver, "as I don't know where you want to go I can't drive you there, so you had better get out, and try the man next below."

Riffard, supposing he had mistaken the carriage the first driver had directed him to, descended, and went to the other. After experiencing the same result as in the former cases he stepped out upon the sidewalk, and was met by a city watchman, who had observed all that we have described, and taken in the facts of the case—that the man was of gentle manners, a stranger, unable to make his wants known, and was, therefore, a fit subject for police protection. So taking him in a kindly way by the arm, motioned that he should go with him over there (pointing to the City Hall). Monsieur took in the watchman's meaning at once, and pleasantly accepted the invitation, relating to him on the way there the whole story of his troubles, which might have interested his hearer had he delivered it in English, or even been less Frenchy in the violence of his gestures. As it was, the watchman could only act in a sort of affirmative way, by answering, "Yes! oh, yes! I see," as the Frenchman would once in awhile stop short and look at him inquiringly.

In those days, the captain of the watch occupied a desk standing upon an elevated platform immediately in front of the door of entrance, and at the moment

of the watchman and Riffard's début was having a cat's nap; but arousing himself he listened to the "aid's" account of the matter, at the conclusion of which he requested him to step aside while he interrogated "the party." With a loud voice, supposing it the most efficacious way of making the expectant Frenchman understand the English language, he demanded:

"Your name!"

"Nem!—nem,—ah, oui, nom? Emile Riffard!"

"Residence!"

"Ah! bien, residence! Rue des Enfants rouge, numero 27 à Paris. Mais celui de New York, je viens d'oubliez."

"What's all that he says?" queried the Captain, looking interrogatively at those standing around. No answer being given, he again rallied and asked: "What Street? do—" but before he could finish the sentence, Riffard, bursting out in a joyful manner, fairly screamed out, "Street! ah, bravo! bravissimo! Street! bien!—look, suppose von mane do go to von grande dinnère. He is polite to ze ladies and eat onley a leetle bit, till ven ze dessert do come he is moche hungray, and do eat zen several piece of pie. He do go home, he go to bed, mais in ze meedle of ze night he vake up vis somesing vezzai bad here"—(*hand on the chest*)—"vot you call zat, eh?"

"That? why that's—that's an indigestion pain."

"No, no, not Indigestion-pain St.—non. Suposse von mane do go to von grande dinnère. (*Excitedly.*) He is always polite to ze ladies, eat onlay a leetle bit of soupe, a leetle beefe, a leetle cheeck-en, a leetle fish,

some dessert, drink some Bordeaux and some Champaign, a leetle café viz ze Cognac and like before. He do go home, he go to bed, he put on hees night-cap and go to sleeps; but bombye in ze meedle of ze night he do see ze vindow open, and von great a big giant, vis large moustache and big boots like zat"—(*showing half way up the thigh*)—"do come in and valke to hees bed, shump up and seat on his—his—er—vaistcoat, vich make heem come vary bad heer"—(*placing the hand a trifle lower than before*). "Vot you call zat, eh?"

"Ah, now I have it, sure," exclaimed the Captain, "it's a bilious attack."

"Non, non, not Beelums-tack St.—non. (*Louder.*) Suppose von mane do go to von grande dinnère. Hee care not for ze polite to ze ladies, bote hee eat moche soupe, moche beef, moche cheek-en, moche feeshe, drink red vine, vite vine, plenty. Zen eat dessert, von dozaine peece pie, take café, Cognac, ecetera. Zen hee go home, hee go to bed, hee put on hees bonnet de nuit, and go to sleeps. In leetle vile ze same vindow do opéne, and ze great a big giant vis ze big boots do come into ze room, and aftére hees heels ze vife of ze giant. Zey valk to hees bed, and von aftére ze ozére zey shump up, and stand er on ze top of hees—hees—Eh, bien,—hees estomache, vich make him keeck, and come so verray bad heer"—(*placing the hand lower than before, interrogatively*). "Vat you call zem, eh?" (*Doubling up.*)

"There is no mistaking you now," said the Captain; "it's a nightmare."

"Non, non—tonnére, non. It ees not ze Nightmare Street."

"Well, then," resumed the Captain, "if it is not that, it surely must be a high old colic."

"Ah, le voila!! Colique! 5 Colique Street take me. All ze time vere I vant to go."—*S. J. Pardessus.*

S' POSIN'.

A MAN hobbled into the Colonel's office upon crutches. Proceeding to a chair and making a cushion of some newspapers, he sat down very gingerly, placed a bandaged leg upon another chair, and said :

"Col. Coffin, my name is Briggs. I want to get your opinion about a little point of law. Now, Colonel, s'posin' you lived up the pike here a half mile, next door to a man named Johnson. And s'posin' you and Johnson was to get into an argument about the human intellect, and you was to say to Johnson that a splendid illustration of the superiority of the human intellect was to be found in the power of the human eye to restrain the ferocity of a wild animal. And s'posin' Johnson was to remark that that was all bosh, because nobody *could* hold a wild animal with the human eye, and you should declare that you could hold the savagest beast that was ever born if you could once fix your gaze on him.

"Well, then, s'posin' Johnson was to say he'd bet a hundred dollars he could bring a tame animal that you couldn't hold with your eye, and you was to take him up on it, and Johnson was to ask you to come down to his place to settle the bet. You'd go, we'll say, and Johnson'd wander round to the back of the house and pretty

soon come front again with a dog bigger'n any four decent dogs ought to be. And then s'posin' Johnson'd let go of that dog and set him on you, and he'd come at you like a sixteen-inch shell out of a howitzer, and you'd get scary about it and try to hold the dog with your eye, and couldn't. And s'posin' you'd suddenly conclude that maybe your kind of an eye wasn't calculated to hold that kind of a dog, and you'd conclude to run for a plum tree in order to have a chance to collect your thoughts and to try to reflect what sort of an eye would be best calculated to mollify that sort of a dog. You ketch my idea, of course?

"Very well, then; s'posin' you'd take your eye off of that dog,—Johnson, mind you, all the time hissing him on and laughing, and you'd turn and rush for the tree, and begin to swarm up as fast as you could. Well, sir, s'posin' just as you got three feet from the ground Johnson's dog would grab you by the leg and hold on like a vice, shaking you until you nearly lost your hold. And s'posin' Johnson was to stand there and holloa, 'Fix your eye on him, Briggs! Why don't you manifest the power of the human intellect?' and so on, howling out ironical remarks like those; and s'posin' he kept that dog on that leg until he made you swear to pay the bet, and then at last had to pry the dog off with a hot poker, bringing away at the same time some of your flesh in the dog's mouth, so that you had to be carried home on a stretcher, and to hire several doctors to keep you from dying with lockjaw.

"S'posin' this, what I want to know is, couldn't you sue Johnson for damages and make him pay heavily for what that dog did? That's what I want to get at."

The Colonel thought for a minute, and then said :

"Well, Mr. Briggs, I don't think I could. If I agreed to let Johnson set the dog at me, I should be a party to the transaction, and I could not recover.

"Do you mean to say that the law won't make that infernal scoundrel Johnson suffer for letting his dog eat me up?"

"I think not, if you state the case properly."

"It won't, hey?" exclaimed Mr. Briggs, hysterically
"Oh, very well, very well! I s'pose if that dog had chewed me all up it'd've been all the same to this constitutional republic. But hang me if I don't have satisfaction. I'll kill Johnson, poison his dog, and emigrate to some country where the rights of citizens are protected!"

Then Mr. Briggs got on his crutches and hobbled out. He is still a citizen, and will vote at the next election.—*Anon.*

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,
My curtains drawn, and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won;
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!

Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!
But tête-à-têtes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!
With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll,
A monkey too—what work he made!
The sister introduced a Beau;
My Susan brought a favorite maid.
She had a tabby of her own,
A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The monkey bit, the Parrot scream'd,
All day the sister strumm'd and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold
My Susan learn'd to use her tongue;
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sat and croak'd like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,
I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants cross'd my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seem'd my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape,
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tompkinson was snubb'd and huff'd,
She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog!

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song,
The sister took a sister's part,
The Maid declar'd her Master wrong,
The Parrot learn'd to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end—
I never had a decent coat,
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my Club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away
I found my study full of whist!
Then first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug,
With Pussy in the elbow-chair
And Tray reposing on the rug?—

If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest done without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Thomas Hodd.

THE MUSIC GRINDERS.

THERE are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day
And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps from out a bush
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—
Some odious creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little, lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread,—
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat,
Beneath a cloudless moon ;
You hear a sound that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,¹
And something like a drum ;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem to be
A very dismal place ;
Your "auld acquaintance" aill at once
Is altered in the face ;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But hark ! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound ;

It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw;

But if you are a portly man
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or if you cannot make a speech
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE COUNTRYMAN AT THE SHOW.

RECITED BY ALEX. J. BROWN.

WALL! my name is Zedakiah Green,
And what I've got to say
Consarns the curious things I've seen
While going to a play.
You see, a company of actors
Came to our town,
And to the show accordingly I went
With one Sally Brown.

Just as the curtain it rolled up
 A fellow on the stage
 Was drinking from a pewter cup
 And talking in a rage.
 "I'll have her life, I will," says he,
 And drawing his dagger out,
 When Sally says, says she to me,
 "Why, what's that man about?"
 Well, just as she was a-saying that
 Another chap appeared,
 And wore an awful slouchy hat
 And, laws! sich an ugly beard!
 And then they talking in mystery
 And things I couldn't tell,
 When one remarked, "Ha! 'tis she,"
 And the other says, "'Tis well."
 And then they hid behind a rock,
 And then a maiden fair,
 Dressed in the shortest kind of frock
 (The pattern perhaps was spare),
 Walked right up to where they was,
 Not thinking any harm,
 When jumping up they seized on her,
 Which caused me great alarm.
 "Your mine at last," the villain cried,
 And drawing out his knife,
 "My power long thou hast defied
 And now I'll have your life."
 Then Sally says, says she to me,
 Agasping for her breath,
 "Are you going to set and see
 That lovely maiden put to death?"
 I rose right up and says, says I,
 "You jest let that ere gal alone,
 Or darn me if I don't
 Put a head on your spinal bone."
 Then all the folks began to shout
 Sit down—call the cops—

Chuck him out—and things like that,
Which made me as mad as hops.
I stood right up, and says, says I,
“It’s a living shame
To see that lovely maiden put to death,
And darn me if I’ll permit the same.”
Then again the folks began to shout,
And then amidst their peals
A big policeman led me out
With Sally at my heels.
Now I’ve told you all I’ve seen;
But what I wants to say,
I’ll eat my boots if this yar Green
Goes to see another play.—*Anon.*

NOT OPPOSED TO MATRIMONY.

A YANKEE DIALECT STORY.

Is your family opposed to matrimony?

Wal, no, I rather guess not, seein’ as how my mother has had four husbands, an’ stands a pretty smart chance for having another.

Four husbands! Is it possible?

Oh, yes. You see, my mother’s christened name was Mehitable Sheets, an’ dad’s name was Jacob Press; and when they got married, the printers said it was puttin’ the sheets to press. When I was born, they said I was the first edition. An’, you see, mother used to be the ’tarnalest critter to go to evenin’ meetin’s. She used to go out pretty late every night, an’ dad was afraid I’d get in the same habit, so he used to put me to bed at early candle-light, cover me up with a piller,

an' put me to sleep with a boot-jack. Wal, dad had got up every night, an' let mother in. If he didn't get down and open the door pretty quick when she came, he'd catch particular thunder. So dad used to sleep with his head out of the winder, so's to wake up quick, an' one night he got his head a little too far out, an' he slipped out altogether; an' down dad cum caflummux, right down on the pavement, an' smashed him in ten thousand pieces!

What! was he killed by the fall?

Wal, no, not exactly by the fall. I rather kinder sorter guess as how it was the sudden fetch-up on the pavement that killed him. But mam, she came home, an' found him layin' thar, an' she had him swept together, an' put in a coffin, an' had a hole dug in the buryin'-ground, and had dad put in and buried up, an' had a white-oak plank put up to his head, an' had it white-washed all over for a tombstone.

So your mother was left a poor, lone widow?

Wal, yes, but she didn't mind that much, as it wasn't long before she married Sam Hide. You see, she married Hide because he was just dad's size, an' she wanted him to wear out dad's clothes.

Wal, the way old Hide used to hide me was a caution to my hide. Hide had a little the toughest hide of any hide, except a bull's hide, and the way old Hide used to hide away liquor in his hide was a caution. Wal, one cold day, old Hide got his hide so full of whiskey that he pitched head-first into a snow bank, an' there stuck, and friz to death. So mam had him pulled out, and had him laid out, an' had another buryin'-ground, an' had him buried; an' then she had another white-

oak plank put at his head, an' whitewashed all over, an'—

So your mother was again a widow?

Oh, yes, but I guess she didn't lay awake long to think about it, for in about three weeks she married John Strong—an' he was the strongest-headed cuss you ever did see. He went fishin' the other day, an' got drowned; an' he was so 'tarnal strong-headed, I'll be darned if he didn't float right agin the current, an' they found him about three miles up the stream, an' it took three yoke of oxen to haul him out. Wal, mam had him buried along side o' t'other two, and had a white-oak plank put up at his head, and whitewashed all over nice, so thar's three on 'em, all in a row.

And your mother was a widow for the third time?

Yes, but mam didn't seem to mind it a 'tarnal sight. The next fellow she married was Jacob Hayes, an' the way mam does haze him is a caution, now, I tell you. If he does anything a little out of the way, mam makes him take a bucket, an' a whitewash brush, an' go right up to the buryin'-ground, and whitewash the three old planks, jest to let him know what he may come to when she's planted him in the same row, an' got married to her fifth husband. So you see, my family ain't a 'tarnal sight opposed to a dose of matrimony.—*Anon.*

ROBERT EMMET.

LONG years have pass'd into the gloom of night
Since Robert Emmet for his country died;
And yet his glory sheds its lustrous light
Wherever Erin's exil'd sons abide;

Wherever hatred for oppression glows
To animate the soul that would be free ;
Where vengeance through the human current flows
For Ireland's wrong and Ireland's liberty !
There Emmet's spirit fires the fervid breast
That seeks in death or glory where to rest.

Why measure time—a few years less or more,
That brings but torture to the fetter'd slave ?
Why speak of freedom till his strength is o'er,
And famine leads him to a wretched grave ?
A nation's liberty is rarely won
By all the eloquence she may afford,
Though it be brilliant as the mid-day sun ;
The clanking chain is sever'd by the sword !
'Twas thus that Emmet fell, and thus he died,
The soul of freedom though in bondage tied.

Still suff'ring from the throes of "'Ninety-eight,"
Ill-omen'd year of tyranny and woe !
And still contending with remorseless Fate,
That most implacable and treach'rous foe !
What hopes withal, my country ! yet were thine ?
Those noble aspirations of the just !
But, then, what hand, except the hand Divine,
Could hope to lay the despot in the dust ?
Young, fear'less Emmet had resolv'd to brave
The tyrant's power, his bleeding land to save.

And as he knelt before her holy shrine,
And pledg'd his life to fall or break her chain,
All else, so dear to him, did he resign,
That in his country's love he might remain.
Her tortur'd bosom fired his ardent soul
With all the tenderness that love inspires ;
Her fetter'd limbs were destin'd to control
The heart inflam'd by liberty's desires.
And thus impassion'd, Emmet rose above
All selfish motive in his virtuous love.

Deep in our heart of hearts his mem'ry lives !
 Nor time, nor circumstance shall dim his fame !
 Who to his country life and fortune gives
 Must leave to the world an immortal name !
 Of tender years, his manhood scarcely primed,
 But brilliant, bold and ardent in his state,
 A nation's hope—unseemly and untimed,
 He fell a victim to the tyrant's hate ;
 Lost to liberty ! in whose cause he fell :
 Lost to the suff'ring land he lov'd so well !

His country's sun was eclips'd when he died ;
 The weeping island wore her sorrowing pall
 And wild revenge rose high on ev'ry tide
 From dark Malbay to darker Donegal ;
 O hapless land ! my native Inis Fail !
 Your murder'd Emmet on the scaffold lies !
 Behold his bleeding corse ! you clan-na-gael !
 Nor longer sleep when Freedom bids you rise !
 The patriot's spirit soaring through the sky
 Appeals for justice to its God on high.

Lawrence G. Goulding.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

"COME a little nearer, doctor,—thank you,—let me take the cup ;
 Draw your chair up,—draw it close,—just another little sup !
 Maybe you may think I'm better ; but I'm pretty well used up,—
 Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up !

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to ; but it ain't much use to try—"
 "Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh ;
 "It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die !"
 "What you *say* will make no difference, doctor, when you come
 to die."

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say;

You must try to get some sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"

"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor,—doctor, please to stay!

There is something I must tell you, and you won't have *long* to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go; Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it couldn't ha' been so,—For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh, I've this very night been back there on the old field of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember! The last time the lighter came, And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,

He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:

'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!' just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow, Knew it couldn't be the lighter, he could not have spoken so, And I tried to answer 'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go! For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go!

"Then I thought: 'It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore; Just another foolish *grape-vine*,—and it won't come any more;' But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before: 'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!' even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light, And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night, Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite, When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power, And I heard a bugle sounding as from some celestial tower;

And the same mysterious voice said : ' IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR !
ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON,—IT IS THE ELEVENTH
HOUR ! '

" Doctor Austin, what *day* is this ? " " It is Wednesday night,
you know. "

" Yes,—to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below !

What *time* is it, Doctor Austin ? " " Nearly twelve. " " Then
don't you go !

Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago ?

" There was where the gunboats opened on the dark rebellious
host,

And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast ;

There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their
ghost !

And the same old transport came and took me over,—or its ghost !

" And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide ;

There was where they fell on Prentiss,—there McClernand met
the tide ;

There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's
heroes died,—

Lower down where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till
he died.

" There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the
canny kin ;

There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau
waded in ;

There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win ;—

There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

" Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread ;

And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,

I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead ;

For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead !

"Death and silence!—death and silence! all around me as I sped!

And behold a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,
To the heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty head,
Till the stars and stripes of heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based it towered,—up into the infinite,—
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it, with a rapt and dazzled stare,—
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair,—
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of—'Halt, and who goes there?'

'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.' 'Then advance, sir, to the stair!'

"I advanced!—That sentry, doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne!—
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line!—
'Welcome, my old sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'

And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive;

'That's the way, sir, to headquarters!' 'What headquarters?'
'Of the brave!'

'But the great tower?' 'That,' he answered, 'is the way, sir, of the brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright.
'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the new uniform to-night,—
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting *there*, and I—
Doctor,—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless you all!
Good-by!

Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my son—my son that's coming—he won't get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did before,—
And to carry that old musket—" Hark! a knock is at the door—
"Till the Union—" See! it opens!—"Father! Father! speak
once more!"

"Bless you!" gasped the old gray sergeant,—and he lay and said
no more!—*Forceythe Willson.*

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

DESCRIPTIVE.

THE fair young wife, but newly wed,
Wandered away on the sandy shore,
As the sun in the West was sinking red.
Ah! the heart of the woman was heavy as lead,
Or as the last batch of home-made bread,
And her face a wistful expression wore.

And why did she look and feel so sad?
Her husband, a fisherman, bold and free,
Like all the sons of the surging sea,
Was away with his nets for herring and shad,
Or that was where he was supposed to be.

For at early dawn, on the day before,
He had shoved his boat from the shelving shore;
He had started away with the first gray light,
And—hadn't been home at all last night!

No wonder the young wife's heart was sad
When she thought she had lost her fisher lad.
A terrible storm, she could see, was brewin',
And that would be more than his boat could bear,
For it meant—what? widowhood, poverty, ruin,
A lonely hearth and an empty chair.

The gulls wheeled round in their circling flight,
 And braved the gale on their pinions white,
 And those birds, by the sea not aves raræ,
 But known as the chickens of old Dame Carey,
 Were flitting about on the billow's top,
 And that was a sign of a storm—sure pop.

COLLOQUIAL.

"Oh! snowy gull," the young wife cried,
 "Canst tell me where my husband is?"
 And the gull replied, as he glanced aside,
 And a little closer to the woman fled (!)
 "I really can't, and it ain't my 'biz.'"

And he flew away and was seen no more
 By the wife as she wandered along the shore.

"Oh! waves," she said, "as ye break, break, break
 On the cold gray crags, can you tell me true,
 For the love of Heaving and pity's sake,
 What has become of my boy in blue?"

And the wave replied, as it dashed its brine, "Oh!
 Give us a rest please, dem it if I know."

"Oh! winds," she cried from her anguished soul,
 "Ye winds who sweep o'er the salt sea foam,
 Who over the whole wide ocean roam,
 And wherever its thundering billows roll,
 In thy wanderings didst thou chance to rub
 'Gainst my fisherman true, my own, own hub!"

And the wind replied as it whistled shrill,
 "I know where he is. Tell? Hanged if I will."

"Oh! coastguard man, you wander far,
 You scan the sea with your telescope,
 Hast seen of my husband's boat a spar,
 Jib-boom or bowsprit, oar or rope?"

On yon angry ocean he sailed away,
And hasn't been back since yesterday.

"At home the fire on the hearth burns low;
The coal is finished. I'm out of grub,
And what I'm to do I hardly know
If the sea has swallowed my own dear 'hub.'"

Then the hardy coastman turned his quid
In his cheek and he closed his left ocular's lid.

"Now don't take on," he cheerily spoke;
"Your man ain't lost: he's all right. I swear;
He sailed, it is true, as the daylight broke
On yester morn when the wind was fair:
But he didn't go fishing, he went to soak,
And to find him I'll tell you exactly where.
He's over at Flaherty's, beastly drunk,
And sleepin' it off in the old man's bunk!"

Swiz.

HE UNDERSTOOD IT.

HOW A SQUATTER ENJOYED THE OPERA OF IOLANTHE.

AN old squatter, while in the city recently, accepted an invitation to attend the opera. The old man had no idea of what an opera was like, didn't know whether it was a place of worship or an exhibition of improved fire-arms, but he agreed with that promptness of decision characteristic of a man who is never daunted.

The opera was Iolanthe, and when the fairies began to march around, in their shrill but not unmusical evolutions, the old squatter turned to his friend and said:

"Mighty peart lookin' gals. Clothes ain't hardly

fitten for winter, but they'll do mighty well for summer wear. Air they nachul, like the gals you see walkin' aroun', or air they some sort of contrapshun rigged up by the Yankees? I have hearn that the Yankees ken make a talkin' machine, an' I reckon if they ken do that, they ken make suthin' ter squeal."

"They are natural women," the merchant replied.

He sat for some time watching the performance. Occasionally he would shake his head in doubt, and then with an affirmative nod, he would approve of some turn affairs had taken.

"Them fellers must er come from the overflowed des-tricks," he said, pointing to the lords in knee-breeches. "Either that, or cloth must er been scarce. Look at that Slim Jim of a feller holdin' up the coat-tail of the old buck."

"That's the lord chancellor," whispered the merchant.

"Wall, cloth ain't scarce with him. He's got some to spar'. Ef he wus ter come out in my neighborhood some feller'd step on them coat-tails an' ax him his business. It'd be fun for my son-in-law to put his number ten on the tail eend of that garmint an' say 'Whar yer travelin', podner?' Ef the Simmon boys wus ter see him they'd say he was the devil. Look at 'em. They sing at each other. It's the whinin'est set I ever seed. Oh, it's a show, is it? Why don't they fetch out the hosses? The shows ain't what they was when I was a youngster. Them fiddlers down thar is a poke-easy set. They air what we call easy scratches. 'Mind me of the chillun rakin' around whar the 'taters was dug airter the stray ones. Now they've commenced to

dig a little. That feller with the big fiddle's got the grubbin' hoe. Zig, he's found a fresh hill an' is t'arin' it all ter pieces. Now the other fellers air scratchin' all around him. Now the're over inter the goober pea patch an' air rakin' up the dirt. The big feller kain't git his grubbin' hoe over the fence," and then as a blast from the cornet rang throughout the house, he added : " Thar's the dinner horn."

The curtain came down and the old fellow sat for a moment in silence.

" Air they comin' back airtor dinner ? "

" Yes," the merchant replied.

" Then we'll wait an' see the crap gathered. I al'ers like to see the thing well done," and again he devoted himself to deep reflection. The curtain went up again.

" Thar comes the fellers with short britches an' the gals with wings. That big feller ken sing putty well, an' ain't afeered to open his mouth, but that slim rooster that tries to squeal like a 'oman is in mighty po' business. I know singin' when I hear it, an' ef I wus ter git up thar ter sing I'd make that feller standin' down thar drop that stick. I couldn't go along an' sing ef a man stood up an' shuck a stick at me. It mout be in fun, but I wouldn't like it. When a man shakes a stick at me he's got ter stop right thar an' explain. Ah, Lawd ! I wish Nip Tucker was here. He'd git up on that flatfo'm amongst them picturs an' sing them fellers outen countenance. Now, Nip's a singer. I tell yer what he dun. Yer know whar the old Aimes place is ? Wall, 'tuther night I was a-sittin' on the fence at home, an' Nip was over at the Aimes place a-singin', an' I could hear him. Three miles away, mind yer. Now what

sort of a show would these fellers have with a man like that? Thar's the feller with the grubbin' hoe. Look at that little feller with a hatchet hackin' on the stump. They air airter a rabbit. Zounds! how the dogs scratch," and the imaginative old fellow could scarcely keep his seat. Associating every sound with an action, and living an almost figurative life, the squatter, when his emotions are stirred, cannot remain quiet. "Thar's the dog smellin' in the hole. Bim, the big feller's gone to work with the grubbin' hoe. Now they all jine in an' air makin' the dirt fly. They are huddlin' together, and if they don't mind the rabbit'll run out. Zounds! thar he goes, bookerty, bookerty. Head him, head him! Through the fence. Whoop!"

"Look here, sir," said a man in authority, tapping the old man on the shoulder. "If you don't behave yourself I'll put you out of here. You ought to have better sense than to come here drunk."

"I ain't drunk."

"Yes, you are."

"You're a liar, an' I'll fight yer, rabbit er no rabbit."

"Hold on," said the merchant. "Don't fight here."

"Well, he kain't say that I'm drunk, when I've been wantin' a drink of whiskey ever since two hours by sun."

"Come on, the show is over."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

IN DER SHWEED LONG AGO.

AS RECITED BY JAS. S. BURDETT.

In der shweed long ago I dinked I vas shmard,
 Und I dinked I did vant me a vife,
 T'o share all my money und sorrows und joys,
 Und to helb me along drough my life.
 I wanted a lady kind-hearted und goot,
 Dot vas handsome und sensiple doo,
 Dot cood blay der biano or cook a beefshdeak,
 Darn my shdockings or made me a shdew.

She must nod be doo shmall-sized or neider doo dall,
 Und she musn'd be old or doo young,
 Und ven I vas shboking had visdom enuff
 To always kebd quied her tongue.
 She must nod be doo dark or agin be doo lighd—
 A kinder bedwixed und between.
 She must nod knew doo leedle, or vorse, knew it all,
 Or be vat some beebles call "creen."

She must be good-nadured, vear always a shmile,
 No madder of dings did vent wrong—
 Ven my friends came around for to make me a call,
 Be ready to sung dem a song.
 Of der lodge bisness habben'd to kebd me oud lade
 Und I come valdzing home "dighdly-shlighd,"
 She must pet und caress me und dank her good shdars
 Dot I didn'd shdaid apsend all nighd.

In a vord, be berfecd—mind, feature und form—
 From her feet to der crown of her head.
 Now, dot vas der damsel dot I had 'in view,
 Und der von I vas villing to ved.

Dot's a long dime ago, und my head dot vas pald,
 Und I vas a pachelor shdill.
 My gal I hafe nefer saw shkibbing round loose—
 Vat's more, I don'd dink dot I vill.

Oofty Gooft.

THE MINER'S PROTEGEE.

WAL, you see, it's a queer story, Missy;
 The little gal's none of our kin;
 But, you bet, when the old men go under
 She's the one who will handle our tin.
 My pard an' me's rough minin' fellers,
 We've got nary children nor wife,
 But we love little yellow-haired Nellie,
 An' we'll rear her up right—bet yer life.

How old? Wal, she's nigh eight, I reckon
 Five years since we brought her out here;
 An' she was the cunnin'est baby
 We'd looked at for many a year.
 You see, 'twas the time the Apaches
 Broke out. Blast the red imps of sin!
 The emigrant train crossed their trail, Miss,
 An' the Injuns they scooped 'em all in.

Yes, thar lay men, children, an' wimmin;
 The red devils raised all their ha'r.
 We couldn't do nothin' to help 'em,
 So my pard an' me buried 'em thar.
 We found one likely-lookin' young cre'tur'
 Lyin' out from the rest of the heap;
 She was dead, like the rest, an' Nellie
 Lay close by her side—fast asleep.

Wal, 'twas nigh ninety mile to the settlement;
 Bill an' me turned the thing in our mind,
 An' at last we concluded to keep her,
 An' bring her up lovin' an' kind.

We buried her poor dad an' mammy,
Likewise all their unlucky mates,
An' we named her Nell, arter a sweetheart
My pard had once back in the States.

But the trouble we had with that young 'un
Was somethin' quite funny to see ;
Bill gave her up for a mystery,
Likewise she was too much for me.
Her durned duds we couldn't get on right,
And we cussed ev'ry but'n an' string ;
But arter a spell we did better
When we once got the hang of the thing.

An' she growed up quite pertlike an' bloomin',
We take her to work ev'ry day ;
While Bill an' me's busy a-minin'
She'll sit by the rock pile an' play.
An' she's made better men of us both, Miss,
We don't cuss now, nor go on no spree,
'Cause we're workin' an' savin' for Nellie,
The pride of my old pard' an' me.

Anon.

A FREE SEAT.

HE was old and poor and a stranger
In the great metropolis.
As he bent his steps thitherward
To a stately edifice,
Outside he inquires, "What church is this?"
"Church of Christ," he hears them say ;
"Ah! just the place I am looking for ;
I trust he is in here to-day."

He passed through the spacious columned door
And up the carpeted aisle,
And as he passed, on many a face
He saw surprise and a smile.
From pew to pew, up one entire side,
Then across the broad front space;
From pew to pew, down the other side
He walked with the same slow pace.

Not a friendly voice had bid him sit
To list to the gospel truth,
Not a sign of deference had been paid
To the aged one by youth.
No door was opened by generous hand,
The pews were paid for—rented,
And he was a stranger, old and poor,
Not a heart to him relented.

As he paused outside a moment to think,
Then passed into the street,
Up to his shoulder he lifted a stone
That lay in the dust at his feet,
And bore it up the broad, grand aisle,
In front of the ranks of pews,
Choosing a place to see and hear,
He made a seat for his use.

Calmly sitting upon the huge stone,
Folding his hands on his knees,
Slowly, reviewing the worshippers,
A great confusion he sees.
Many a cheek crimsoned with shame,
Some whisper together sore,
And wished they had been more courteous
To the stranger, old and poor.

As if by magic some fifty doors
Open simultaneously,
And as many seats and books and hands
Are proffered hastily;

Changing his stone for a crimsoned pew
And wiping a tear away,
He thinks it was a mistake, after all,
And that Christ came late that day.

The preacher's discourse was eloquent,
The organ in finest tone,
But the most impressive sermon heard
Was preached by an humble stone.
'Twas a lesson of lowliness and worth
That lodged in many a heart,
And that church preserves that sacred stone,
That the truth may not depart.

Anon.

PHILIP BARTON, ENGINEER.

PHILIP BARTON, of Denver,—have you ever heard the name?—
Sleeps to-night in his icy tomb, wrapped in the martyr's fame.
Who was he? Simply an engineer, and the youngest on the line;
But many a year he held his place in the cab of "49."
Many a trip had he looked ahead, over that icy track,
Stretching about the mountains and across the "Foster Back,"—
An ugly bit of mountain road, whenever the upper snow
Chances to slide from its rocky nest on to the rocks below.
Sixty miles from Denver, and the rocks in solid wall,
Rising to the very stars, hung as if to fall
Down to where the swift Arkansas, in sullen flow,
Sweeps against its stony banks, a thousand feet below.
And that night down the canyon—running at "forty," no less—
Plunged the two great engines, dragging the night express
On over the bridge at the river and into a forest of pines,
With Barton's face at the window, watching for danger signs;
Behind was the second engine, ahead was the wall of snow,
Which the prong of the great plough lifted and hurled to the
rocks below.
Sudden a shout of horror, wild as a cry of death,
Came, while the train swept forward,—swift as hurried breath,—

Sharp rang a warning whistle from "49" ahead.
"Danger! Down brakes!" the signal that quick whistle said,
Danger; for that moment, from the summit of the hill,
Barton, watching out ahead, saw with a sudden thrill
A mighty shadow deepen, and heard a muffled roar,
Like the deep-toned beating of surf upon the shore.
An instant, and he understood,—some broken cars of freight
Were rushing down that incline, hurled by their heavy weight.
He heard the rasping of the brakes, the slowing of the train,
But only pushed his throttle in to pull it out again.
"Jump!" he cried to his fireman,—"jump for the landing, Phin!
I'm going to stop the runaway, and break my coupling pin!"
Out goes the trembling throttle; crack, and with a will
Old "49" and her engineer went charging for the hill.
Swift as the equinox, wild as a whirlwind's breath,
"49" and her rider swept up to that awful death.
The grandest charge of cavalry the world has ever known,
The solitary Roman made who faced such odds alone;
But now without an order, without one word or cheer,
With half a prayer upon his lips, swept on that engineer,
Up to the terrible crash, there 'mid the mountain snow,
That hurled the cab like an arrow on the icy rocks below,
Crushing the gallant body, till the wreck burst into flame,
As martyrs' spirits rise to God beyond man's praise or blame,
Till the stars sent waving back their white signal ray
To tell that engineer below he had the right of way.

* * * * *

Such is the story I read to-night, read in wind and rain,
Till Philip Barton's face looked in from each window pane,
Until the wind seemed bearing, where'er its fury blows,
The virtue of his hero deed from off the mountain snows;
Where wrapped his icy mantle, but bright with martyr's flame,
They guard with vigilance their dead—he of the Barton name.

Anon.

ORATORY AND THE PRESS.

THE grand days of oratory are gone forever. It is not improbable that the teeming future may give birth to those whose resplendent genius will deservedly rank them among the immortals of the past. Certain it is that Oratory can never be lost while Liberty survives.

Twin born with Freedom, then with her took breath,
That art whose dying will be Freedom's death.

But for all this, the glory, the pride, and the power of the orator have passed away. In the classical common-wealths of old, the aspirations of the patricians were for oratory or arms, and not a few, like Cæsar, excelled in both. The Senate convened or the people met in grand assembly to hear discussed the weighty questions affecting the welfare of the State. There the orator appeared. His whole brain and soul were bent on moving those whom he addressed—he had no thoughts beyond. If others disputed, it brought into play the highest flights of rival genius. Æschines, contesting with Demosthenes, called forth the “Oration on the Crown.” The orators then were the leaders of the nation, the directors of public opinion, the controllers of legislation, the arbiters of peace or war. At home they were the idols of the people—abroad they were the guests of kings. They were the marked men of the world.

But in these latter days there has risen a power mightier than an army of orators; a power that has

dwarfed their genius, destroyed their influence, and lowered them to the level of ordinary mortals ; a power that can banish kings, destroy dynasties, revolutionize governments, embroil nations in triumphant or disastrous wars, and for good or ill is changing the aspect of the civilized world. The glory of the orator sank when the printing-press arose. The orator, at best, can speak to thousands ; the press to hundreds of thousands. The orator speaks rarely ; the press every day. The orator may, at the choicest moment, fail from ill-health or one of many causes ; the press, free from all the ills that flesh is heir to, moves on its mission with all the facility, power and precision of machinery. The orator may move an audience : the press can arouse a nation. The speech dies with the sounds that give it birth ; the press lives forever on the imperishable page. The orator *now* addresses himself less to the audience of the evening than to the world of readers of the next morning.

Let us hope that the press may be faithful, pure, devoted to truth, right, justice, freedom and virtue, as the orators have been. The orators—let me repeat it to their immortal honor,—could never be silenced by the frowns of power, or bribed to desert a noble cause. They dared, they defied tyranny, and preferred death to dishonor. If the press gloat in licentiousness ; if it stoop to strike the private man ; if it expose to the public gaze the sacred privacy of homes ; if it violate all decency in thrusting gentle woman to the gossips of the town ; if it catch at idle rumor or envious tongues to malign the innocent ; if it can be bribed to suppress the truth, or circulate the falsehood ; if it shield the public wrong-doer, and denounce the faithful public

servant; if it pander to the base passion of the populace—then we may grieve that this great engine should work such mischief to society.

If, on the other hand, its mission be to disseminate intelligence and truth, to educate the masses to be faithful to their country, and just to their fellow men, to expose with an unsparing hand to public execration the corrupt legislator or the unjust judge; if it be honestly independent instead of timidly neutral in all that concerns the city and State; if it lift up modest and true worth and hurl down brazen infamy; if all its aims be the public good, the honor of the nation, and the glory of God—*then* we may be well reconciled that the days of oratory are over.

Loud as a scandal on the ears of town,
And just as brief the orator's renown;
Year after year debaters blaze and fade,
Scarce mark'd the dial ere depart the shade.
Words die so soon when fit but to be said,
Words only live when worthy to be read.

Daniel Dougherty.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S STORY.

AH, Deacon Smith was a pious man—
I kind o' guess as you seldom find
A leveller head o' the orthodox plan,
Or a much more reg'lar turn o' mind.
Scripter he'd quote by book an' verse,
From Adam an' Eve to Revelation;
An' as for the hymns as he'd rehearse,
When once set goin', t'ud beat creation.

An' when the Summer come reekin' hot,
An' things in the city war kind o' bilin',
An' the whirlin' wheels o' life hed got
Rusty an' stiff an' wanted 'ilin';
Then, board 'ud go up an' nary a one
O' all them homesteads in yonder vale
As wasn't crowded an' overdone
By folks as come from town by rail.

No depot, you say? I ruther guess not;
But twenty miles over Greylock hill,
By Glenway creek—you know the spot,
Close to where Hulbert owns the mill—
Stood a tumbled-down shanty as ever I seen,
An' the deacon staged over there last season
In a kind o' ramshackle batting-machine
As he called a coach—'thout rhyme or reason.

Now the deacon druv a wall-eyed mare,
A flea-bitten gray, a useful critter,
As 'ud do twelve miles wi'out turnin' a hair'
In less nor a hour, if ye would but hit'er.
But the deacon was slow an' methodical some,
An' the beast got inter the ways o' her master,
Till you'd think to see her jogging to hum
At a ten-forty gait as she couldn't go faster.

Wall, one day last Fall the down train brings
A young city sport—a glorious bein',
Fixed up wi' watch-chain, pins an' rings
Like a jeweller's store gone out a-spreedin',
An' he off wi' the deacon over the hill
An' they fell a-talkin' o' gettin' religion;
An' this here young chap he argyed until
The deacon sat ruff'd like a moultin' pigeon.

He gev him Bob Ingersoll hot an' strong;
He dosed him wi' Darwin's Evolution;
An' prayers in the public schools was wrong;
An' he'd hev no God in his Constitution.

An' he talked o' advancement an' Reason's Age,
An' his tongue ran on like a streak o' lightnin',
An' the deacon was bilin' over wi' rage,
An' his lips grew white an' his breath kept tight'nin'.

Fur he hadn't the words to answer him back,
Though his hair was liftin' his hat wi' horror,
As the young un' kep' the inside track,
An' poured out his vials o' sin an' sorrer.
Then the deacon thought he'd give him away
An' put a stop to his high-falutin',
So he let the whip onto his flea-bitten gray,
An' away down hill went the creatur scootin'.

I guess 'twas a sight to see the old stage
Rock like a ship in a stormy ocean,
An' the gray mare's heels—wall, I'll engage
She can kick like a mule when she's got the notion.
Then white as death grew that young man's face,
An' he clung to the seat in desperation,
An' he prayed the deacon to slacken the pace,
But the deacon was sot on his soul's salvation.

"D'ye believe in Adam?" he screamed in his ears,
"In Eve's temptation an' Noah's story?"
In Methuselah livin' eight hundred years,
An' Elijah a-ridin' to heav'n in glory?"
"I don't," yelled the youth. But there lay just there
A corderoy road over which they flew, sir,
Which shot the poor lad clean up in the air,
An' when he lit down, says he, "I du, sir!

Now the deacon made him eat every word,
Take all of it back as he'd dared to say,
An' promise he'd ne'er again be so absurd
As to sneer at religion in that sort o' way.
Then the gray mare stopp'd an' that child o' sin
Started afoot to his distant goal,
While the deacon druv on wi' a placid grin,
Right pleased to have saved an immortal soul.

Bernard Bigsby.

A BORDER FUNERAL.

It was a touching sight to see how the boys stood around the dead body of Briggs and endeavored to hide their emotion and failed.

The tears ran down the face of Arkansas Bob like rain off the gable end of a corn-crib, and Ted Williams and Jim Henderson and several more bowed their heads while their forms shook with the sobs they would not allow to escape.

The boys dug a grave on the bank of the Brazos River, and that night as the clouds drifted away and the moonlight fell upon the snow-covered ground and sparkled the ice-laden limbs of the forest trees, we laid poor Briggs down in his narrow resting-place.

The only requiem that was sung was the roar of the turbid Brazos as it surged along on its way to the sea—a mass sung by nature.

When the grave had been filled Jim Henderson said: "I think we ought to have some kind of service. It ain't right, by a darn sight, to go away without sayin' somethin' over the grave—any you fellows got a Bible?"

No one had a Bible, nor had seen one in a number of years.

"Well, suppose some one says a sorter of prayer?"

The boys scratched their heads, glanced at one another for a moment, and then looked away off into the woods.

Finally some one whispered, "Sish! Arkansas Bob's goin' to pray," and he did.

"O, Lord!" he said; "I guess in your opinion I'm pretty tough, but I ain't askin' nuthin for myself—it's for Briggs. He is dead now but was as white a man as ever walked. He never did no man a hurt, and he had a heart in him as big as a mule, and no one as I've heard ever said a word agin him. I don't know as what I say will have much influence, but Briggs stood well with us down here, and although I don't know much about his career, or his history, or his family, he was a man you could bank on every clatter. He gave a sick Mexican four dollars and fifty cents once for medicine, and then turned right around and nursed him through a fever, but the infernal Greaser hadn't been well more'n two days before he stole Briggs's saddle-bags. Ah! Lord, there ain't any preacher nowhere 'round here, or we'd had him to say something more p'inted to you than I can say it. I never pattered any with the Bible, and can't just now remember a hymn song, but I'm a man of my word—I mean what I say—and Briggs, if he gets a chance, will make a good record in heaven as any one that ever got there. He had, away down in his heart, something that was square and as true as steel, and, oh, Lord! you mustn't go back on that kind of a man, 'cause they're too skeerce in these parts. Amen."

The prayer was as rough as Bob, but no more sincere, as was evidenced by his tearful eye and trembling lip. After the prayer, the boys ranged themselves on one side of the grave, and, drawing their six-shooters, fired a salute over their dead comrade, and while the

sharp reports were still echoing through the vaults of the forest, they turned and slowly left the scene.—
Anon.

TRYING TO LICK THE TEACHER.

TOLD AT THE OLD SETTLERS' MEETING.

I wuz a boy o' seventeen, ungainly, dull and tall,
Ez green ez eny gozlin', but I tho't I knew it all.
I went to school at Plano. I chopped up wood an' chored
For Zephaniah Wilkinson to pay him fur my board.

One day Philetus Phinney, another boy in school,
About ez rough an' raw ez I—about ez big a fool—
Jist hinted in a private way, 'twould be a right smart featur'
An' give us lots o' glory, if we'd up an' lick the teacher.
He wouldn't ask no better fun than just to make him climb.
We'd have a long vacation an' a whopper o' a time.
The teacher he wuz sickly—he wuz not ez big ez I—
I knew that we could bounce him if we didn't a half but try.
Fur eny one on lookin' at him would a said on sight
Ther' wuzn't eny sand in him an' not a speck o' fight.
His hands they wasn't accustomed much to hangin' on to ploughs,
To hoein' corn, to cradlin' wheat, or milkin' twenty cows.
Philetus said he'd use him fur a mop to mop the floor,
An' when he begged an' hollered that we'd hist him out the
door.

We told the boys at recess o' the plot that we hed planned;
They said 'f we couldn't down him they'd lend a helpin' hand.
But big Philetus Phinney, he wuz tickled ez could be
To think we tho't a snip like that could lick a chap like he;
'F I'd knock the bucket over he'd make the teacher dance—
He'd flop him in the water, and he'd mop it with his pants.

We heard the school bell ringin', we scrambled in pell-mell;
I run again' the water pail, on puppus, an' I fell;
I struck upon a stick o' wood, and I badly raked my shin,
The water swoshed upon me, an' it wet me to the skin.

That scrawny little teacher, why! he bounded from his cha'r,
He took me by the trowse's and he held me in the ar',
Then round an' round an' round an' round he whirled me like
a top,

An' when I seed a thousand stars he sudden let me drop;
He took me an' he shook me till I tho't that I should die.
He swished me with his ruler till my pants were nearly dry.
While big Philetus Phinney he wuz just too scar'd to laugh.
He let the teacher thrash me till I bellered like a calf.
An' all the other fightin' boys, with white and frightened looks,
Sot shakin' in the'r very boots an' ras'lin with their books;
An' Oh, how hard they studied—not a fellow spoke or stirred!—
They didn't dar to whisper or to say a single word.

Whar' is that little teacher that giv' me sich a scar'?
He still is peaked lookin'—he's settin' over thar'—
An' tho' he's nearly seventy, an' sickly yit, I vow
I'd hate to hev him get those hands o' his'n on me now;
He taught me one great lesson by that floggin' in his school;—
That a braggart an' a bully ar' a coward an' a fool.

Eugene J. Hall.

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

It was on a western frontier;
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters;
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows didn't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them;
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloone stood ready and waiting;
It was time for the going on,
But the clown in vain searched wildly;
The "property-baby" was gone!

He murmured, impatiently hunting,
"It's strange I cannot find—
There! I've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men.
The clown bends over the cradle—
"I must take *you*, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near;
She lifted her baby gently;
"You'll be *very* careful, dear?"
"Careful? You foolish darling,"—
How tenderly it was said!
What a smile shone through the chalk and paint,—
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,
Misrule for a time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,
Bolted into the ring.

But as, with a squeak and flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of glass?"
Said the clown to Pantaloon.

The jovial fellow nodded;
"I've a couple myself," he said,
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!
Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby-laugh! It was echoed
From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer there sprang up
With, "Boys, it's the real thing!"
The ring was jammed in a minute,
Not a man that did not strive
For "a shot at holding the baby,"
The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court right royally,—
The fair little baby-king,—
Till one of the shouting courtiers,
A man with a bold, hard face,
The talk, for miles, of the country,
And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled, "Look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"
There never was such a hatful
Of silver, and gold, and notes;
People are not always penniless
Because they don't wear coats!

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"

I tell you, those cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.

And then there was sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said,
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
But with faces strangely bright,
The audience, somewhat lingeringly,
Flocked out into the night.

And the bold-faced leader chuckled,—

"He wasn't a bit afraid!

He's as game as he is good-looking :

Boys, that was a show that *paid!*"—*Margaret Vandegrift.*

THE BATTLE FLAG AT SHENANDOAH.

THE tented field wore a wrinkled frown,
And the emptied church from the hill looked down
On the emptied road and the emptied town,
That summer Sunday morning.

And here was the blue, and there was the gray;
And a wide green valley rolled away
Between where the battling-armies lay,
That sacred Sunday morning.

Young Custer sat, with impatient will,
His restless steed, 'mid his troopers still,
As he watched with glass from the oak-set hill
That silent Sunday morning.

Then fast he began to chafe and fret;
"There's a battle flag on a bayonet
Too close to my own true soldiers set
For peace this Sunday morning!

“Ride over, some one,” he haughtily said,
 “And bring it to me! Why, in bars blood red
 And in stars I will stain it, and overhead
 Will flaunt it this Sunday morning!”

Then a West-born lad, pale-faced and slim,
 Rode out, and touching his cap to him,
 Swept down, as swift as the swallows swim,
 That anxious Sunday morning.

Oh! never rode man in the world so well
 From hill of heaven to valley of hell;
 And foemen and friends, as in a spell,
 Stood still that Sunday morning.

On, on through the valley! up, up, anywhere!
 That pale-faced lad like a bird through the air
 Kept on till he climbed to the banner there
 That bravest Sunday morning!

And he caught up the flag, and around his waist
 He wound it tight, and he fled in haste,
 And swift his perilous route retraced
 That daring Sunday morning.

All honor and praise to the trusty steed!
 Ah, boy, and banner, and all God speed!
 God's pity for you in your hour of need
 This deadly Sunday morning.

Oh, deadly shot! and oh, shower of lead!
 Oh, iron rain on the brave, bare head!
 Why, even the leaves from the trees fall dead
 This dreadful Sunday morning!

But he gains the oaks! Men cheer in their might!
 Brave Custer is weeping in his delight!
 Why, he is embracing the boy outright
 This glorious Sunday morning!

But, soft! Not a word has the pale boy said;
 He unwinds the flag. It is starred, striped, red
 With his heart's best blood; and he falls down dead,
 In God's still Sunday morning!

So; wrap his flag to his soldier's breast;
 Into Stars and Stripes it is stained and blest;
 And under the oaks let him rest and rest
 In God's own Sunday morning!

Joaquin Miller.

A MODERN SERMON.

SUBJECT: OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

The following exhibits the method upon which the average Parson contributes his discourse.

“BRETHREN, the words of my text are:

“‘Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
 To get her poor dog a bone;
 But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.’

“These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and to attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life. ‘Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone.’

“Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of *others*, we may presume that she was *alone*; a widow, a penniless old solitary widow. Yet, did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No, *she went* to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any

other peripatetic artifice,—she solely and merely went to the cupboard.

“We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor; for mark, the words are ‘*The* cupboard,’ not *one* of the cupboards, or the right hand cupboard, or the left hand cupboard, or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the floor, but just *the* cupboard—the one little cupboard the widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or pearls, or any other attribute of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone! Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her old age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard, in hope and expectation, may be, to open it—although we are not told distinctly that it was not half open, or ajar—to open it for that poor dog. ‘But when she got there, the cupboard was bare, and so the poor dog had none.’

“When she got there. You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is; you see the beauty of perseverance in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings or twistings, no slippings or slidings, no leaning to the right or faltering to the left; with glorious simplicity we are told she got there: and how was her noble effort rewarded? ‘The cupboard was bare.’

“There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one—the sole hope of the widow and the glorious lodestar of the poor dog—*was bare!* Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin

of lamb, or a fillet of veal, or even an ice from Delmonico's, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise; but it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head.

"Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of sophistry, the widow went out and bought the dog a biscuit. Ah, no; far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, the widow whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise in that she only owned *one* cupboard, perceived, or I might even say *saw* at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable,—she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing, the poor dog had none, and then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

"Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouded the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open door, depict to ourselves the dog still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah, no, my dear brethren, we are not permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons. Suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our natures, to avoid being widows, to avoid the patronymic

of 'Hubbard,' to have, if our means afford, more than one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And oh, dear friends, keeping the recollection of what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do, if fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us go as Mother Hubbard, straight, without circuiting, to our empty cupboard, empty though it be; let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to say also of us, in the words of our beautiful text: 'and so the poor dog had none.'"—*Anon.*

JIM'S KIDS.

JIM was a fisherman—up on the hill
Over the beach lived he an' his wife
In a little house—you can see it still—
An' their two fair boys; upon my life
You never seen two likelier kids,
In spite o' their antics an' tricks an' noise,
Than them two boys!

Jim would go out in his boat on the sea—
Jest as the rest on us fishermen did—
And when he come back at night thar'd be
Up to his knees in the surf each kid,
A beck'nin' and cheerin' to fisherman Jim—
He'd hear 'em, you bet, above the roar
Of the waves on the shore.

But one night Jim came sailin' home,
And the little kids weren't on the sands—
Jim kinder wondered they hadn't come,
And a-tremblin' took holt o' his knees and hands;

And he learnt the worst upon the hill
In the little house, and he bowed his head—
“The fever,” they said.

’Twas an awful time for fisherman Jim,
With them darlin’s dyin’ afore his eyes—
They kept a-callin’ an’ beck’nin’ him.
For they kind o’ wandered in mind—their cries
Were about the waves and fisherman Jim
An’ the little boat a-sailin’ for shore—
Till they spoke no more.

Well, fisherman Jim lived on and on,
And his hair grew white and the wrinkles came.
But he never smiled, and his heart seemed gone,
And he never was heard to speak the name
Of the little kids who were buried there,
Up on the hill, in sight o’ the sea,
Under a willer tree.

One night they come and told me to haste
To the house on the hill, for Jim was sick,
And they said I hadn’t no time to waste,
For his tide was ebbin’ powerful quick,
An’ he seemed to be wand’rin’ and crazy like,
An’ a-seein’ sights he oughtn’t to see—
An’ had called for me.

And fisherman Jim sez he to me :
“It’s my last, last cruise—you understand—
I’m a-sailin’ a dark and dreadful sea,
But off on the further shore, on the sand,
Are the kids, who’s a-beck’nin’ an’ callin’ my name
Jess as they did—ah, mate, you know—
In the long ago.”

No, sir · he wasn’t afraid to die,
For all that night he seemed to see
His little boys of the years gone by,
And to hear sweet voices forgot by me ;

An' just as the mornin' sun came up—
 "They're holding me by the hands!" he cried—
 An' so he died.

Eugene Field.

DEATH-BED OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

FIFTY years ago, in a rude garret, near the loneliest suburbs of the city of London, lay a dying man. He was but half dressed, though his legs were concealed in long military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

Let us bend over the bed and look upon that face. A bold forehead seamed by one deep wrinkle visible between the brows; long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray; lips firmly set, yet quivering, as though they had a life separate from the life of the man; and then, two large eyes, vivid, burning, unnatural in their steady glare. Ay, there was something terrible in that face, something so full of unnatural loneliness, unspeakable despair, that the aged minister started back in horror. But look! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air; the death-sweat stands in drops on that bold brow; the man is dying. Throb, throb, throb, beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. "Would you die in the faith of the Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled but made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of

death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke. "Christian!" he echoed, in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart: "Will that give me back my honor? Come with me, old man, come with me, far over the waters. Ha! we are there! This is my native town. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood; yonder the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag waves there, in place of the flag that waved when I was a child.

"And listen, old man. Were I to pass along the streets, as I passed when but a child, the very babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands, and curse me! The graves in yonder churchyard would shrink from my footsteps; and yonder flag would rain a baptism of blood upon my head!"

Suddenly the dying man arose; he tottered along the floor, threw open a valise and drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, and the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look ye, priest! this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart. "This coat I wore when I first heard the news of Lexington; this coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga! that bullet-hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now, I am a—let me whisper it in your ear!" He hissed that single burning word into the minister's ear. "Now help me, priest! help me to put on this coat of blue; for you see—" and a ghastly smile came over his face—"there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child; I must meet death alone;

but I will meet him as I have met him in battle, without a fear!"

And while he stood arraying his limbs in that worm-eaten coat of blue and silver, the good minister spoke to him of faith in Jesus. Yes, of that great faith which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God. "Faith!" echoed that strange man, who stood there, erect, with the death-chill on his brow, "Faith! Can it give me back my honor? Look ye, priest! there, over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades the pleasant story of the eight years' war; there in his royal halls sits George of England, bewailing in his idiotic voice, the loss of the colonies! And here am I!—I, who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike a blow against that king—here am I dying! oh, dying like a dog!"

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb, throb, throb, beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. "Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead. "Silence along the lines! not a word—not a word on peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the centre of the town; we will meet there in victory, or die!—Hist! silence, my men; not a whisper as we move up those steep rocks! Now on, my boys; now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars! up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now! now, one more blow, and Quebec is ours!"

Who is this strange man, lying there alone, in this rude garret—this man who, in all his crimes, still treasured up that blue uniform, that faded flag?

Let us look at that parchment and flag. The aged minister unrolls that faded flag; it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment; it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army, addressed to BENEDICT ARNOLD. And there, in that rude hut, while the death-watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall, there, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse of the patriot and the traitor.—*Geo. Lippard.*

"THE WIDOW'S SON."

An old woman had a son in the Crimean war. He never came back. She waited and watched for him. One day she met a veteran of the Crimean, weather-beaten, battle-scarred, and of him she inquired for tidings of her boy:—

"OH, were you at the war in the dire Eastern land?

What did you hear? What did you see?

Saw you my son with a sword in his hand?

Sent he by you any dear word to me?"

"I came from dread war in the dire Eastern land,

Three deeds I saw done one might well *die* to see;

But I know not your son with a sword in his hand,

If you would hear of him, paint him to me."

"Oh, he was as gentle as the soft wind in May—"

"'Tis not a gentle place where I have been."

"Oh, he had a smile like the outbreak of day—"

"Where men are dying fast smiles are not seen."

"Tell me the mightiest deeds that were done—
Deeds of chief honor—you said there were three—
Tell me of them, I am sure *he* did *one*!
My heart shall descry him and cry, 'this is he.'"

"I saw a man scale a tower of despair,
Went up alone—the host shouted loud—"
"That was my son, had he streams of fair hair?"
"Nay, it was darker than the darkest night's cloud."
"Did he live?"

"No, he died, but the fortress was won!
And they said it was grand for a man to die so."
"Alas for his mother! he was not my son;
Was there no fair-haired soldier humbled the foe?"

"I saw a man charge in front of his ranks
Full thirty yards on, *in a hurry to die*—
Straight as an arrow hurled at the flanks
Of a huge desert beast, ere the hunter draws nigh.
"Did he live?"

"No, he died, but the battle was won!
And the conquerors' cry carried his name through the air!
Be comforted, mother, he was not thy son,
Wan was his forehead and gray was his hair."

"Oh, the brow of my son was as smooth as a rose,
I kissed it last night in my dreams;
I have heard of two deeds from the land of our foes,
But tell me the third! You said there were *three*!

"I saw a man rush from the trenches and fly
In a battery's face—but it was not to slay;
A poor little drummer had dropped down to die,
With his ankle shot through, in the place where he lay;
He carried the boy, like a babe, through the rain
Of the death-dealing torrent of grapeshot and shell,
And he walked at a foot's pace, because of the pain,
Laid his burden down gently, smiled once, and then fell."

“Did he live?”

“No, he died, *but he rescued the boy!*

Such a death was more noble than life, so they said;
He had streams of fair hair and a face full of joy,
And his name—”

“Speak it not! ’Tis my son, he is dead.

“Oh, dig him a grave ’neath the red rowan tree,
Where the mosses grow softer than fringes of foam,
And lay his bed smoothly and leave room for me,
For I shall be ready before he comes home;
And carve on his tombstone a name and a wreath,
A tale to touch hearts through the slow spreading years,
How he died—his noble and beautiful death—
And his mother who longed for him, died of her tears.

Anon.

SMITING THE ROCK.

THE stern old judge, in relentless mood,
Glanced at the two who before him stood—
She was bowed and haggard and old,
He was young and defiant and bold—
Mother and son; and to gaze at the pair,
Their different attitudes, look and air,
One would believe, ere the truth were won,
The mother convicted, and not the son.

There was the mother: the boy stood nigh,
With a shameless look, and his head held high.
Age had come over her, sorrow and care;
These mattered but little so he was there,
A prop to her years and a light to her eyes,
And a prize as only a mother can prize;
But what for him could a mother say,
Waiting his doom on the sentence day?

Her husband had died in his shame and sin;
And she a widow, her living to win,

Had toiled and struggled from morn to night,
Making with want a wearisome fight.
Bent over her work with resolute zeal,
Till she felt her old frame totter and reel,
Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim,
But she had her boy and she toiled for him.

And he—he stood in the criminal dock,
With a heart as hard as a flinty rock,
An impudent glance and a reckless air,
Braving the scorn of the gazers there;
Dipped in crime and encompassed round,
With proofs of his guilt by captors found,
Ready to stand, as he phrased it, “game,”
Holding not crime, but penitence, shame.

Poured in a flood o’er the mother’s cheek
The moistening prayers where the tongue was weak,
And she saw through the mist of those bitter tears,
Only the child in his innocent years.
She remembered him pure, as a child might be,
The guilt of the present she could not see;
And for mercy her wistful looks made prayer
To the stern old judge in his cushioned chair.

“Woman,” the old judge crabbedly said—
“Your boy is the neighborhood’s plague and dread;
Of a gang of reprobates chosen chief;
An idler and rioter, ruffian and thief.
The jury did right, for the facts were plain;
Denial is idle, excuses are vain,
The sentence the court imposes is one—”
“Your honor,” she cried, “he’s my only son.”

The tipstaves grinned at the words she spoke,
And ripple of fun through the court-room broke;
But over the face of the culprit came
An angry look and a shadow of shame.
“Don’t laugh at my mother!” loud cries he;
“You’ve got me fast and can deal with me;

But she's too good for your coward jeers,
And I'll—" then his utterance choked with tears.

The judge for a moment bent his head,
And looked at him keenly, and then he said—
" We suspend the sentence—the boy can go ;"
And the words were tremulous, forced and low ;
" But stay ! " and he raised his finger then—
" Don't let them bring you hither again ;
There is something good in you yet, I know ;
I'll give you a chance—make the most of it—Go ! "

The twain went forth, and the old judge said—
" I meant to have given him a year instead,
And perhaps 'tis difficult thing to tell
If clemency here be ill or well.
But a rock was struck in that callous heart,
From which a fountain of good may start ;
For one on the ocean of crime long tossed,
Who loves his mother, is not quite lost."

By M.

HORSE OR HUSBAND—A BIG MISTAKE.

RECENTLY our church had a new minister. He is a nice, good, sociable gentleman ; but coming from a distant State, of course he was totally unacquainted with our people. Therefore it happened that during his pastoral calls, he made several ludicrous blunders. One as follows : The other evening he called upon Mrs. Haddon. She had just lost her husband, and she naturally supposed that his visit was relative to the sad occurrence. So, after a few common-places had been exchanged, she was not surprised to hear him remark :

"It was a sad bereavement, was it not, Mrs. Haddon?"

"Yes," faltered the widow.

"Totally unexpected?"

"Oh, yes; I never dreamed of it."

"He died in the barn, I suppose."

"Oh, no; in the house."

"Ah, well, I suppose you must have thought a great deal of him?"

"Of course, sir."

This was with vim. The minister looked rather surprised, crossed his legs, and renewed the conversation.

"Blind staggers was the disease, I believe."

"No, sir," snapped the widow. "Apoplexy."

"Indeed, you must have fed him too much."

"He was quite capable of feeding himself, sir."

"Very intelligent he must have been. Died hard?"

"He did."

"You had to hit him on the head with an axe to put him out of his misery, I was told."

Mrs. Haddon's eyes snapped fire.

"Whoever told you that did not speak the truth," she haughtily uttered. "James died naturally."

"Yes," continued the minister, in a perplexed tone.

"He kicked the side of the barn down in his last agonies, didn't he?"

"No, sir; he did not."

"Well, I have been misinformed, I suppose. How old was he?"

"Thirty-five."

"He did not do much active work. Perhaps you are

better without him, for you can easily supply his place with a better one."

"*Never!* sir, will I find such a good one as he."

"Oh, yes you will; he had the heaves bad, you know."

"Nothing of the kind, sir."

"Why, I recollect I saw him one day, with you on his back, and I distinctly recollect that he had the heaves, and walked as if he had the spring-halt."

Mrs. H.'s eyes snapped fire, and she stared at the reverend visitor as if she imagined he was crazy.

"He could not have had the spring-halt, for he had a cork-leg," she replied.

"A cork-leg—remarkable; but really, didn't he have a dangerous trick of suddenly stopping and kicking the wagon all to pieces?"

"Never, sir; he was not mad."

"Probably not. But there was some good points about him."

"I should think so."

"The way in which he carried his ears, for example."

"Nobody ever noticed that particular merit," said the widow, with much asperity, "he was warm-hearted, generous and frank."

"Good qualities," answered the minister. "How long did it take him to go a mile?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"Not much of a goer. Wasn't his hair apt to fly?"

"He didn't have any hair, he was bald-headed."

"Quite a curiosity."

"No, sir; no more of a curiosity than you are."

The minister shifted uneasily, and got red in the face ; but he returned to the attack.

"Did you use the whip much on him ?"

"Never, sir."

"Went right along without it, eh ?"

"Yes."

"He must have been a good sort of a *brute*!"

The widow sat down and cried.

"The idea of your coming here and insulting me," she sobbed. "If my husband had lived you would not have done it. Your remarks in reference to the poor dead man have been a series of insults, and I won't stand it."

He colored, and looked dumbfounded.

"Ain't you Mrs. Blinkers?" at last he stammered, "and has not your gray horse just died?"

"No! no!" she cried. "I never owned a horse, but my husband died a week ago."

Ten minutes later that minister came out of that house with the reddest face ever seen on mortal man.

"And to think," he groaned, as he strode home, "that I was talking horse to that woman all the time—and she was talking husband."—*Anon.*

FATHER PROUT'S SERMON.

LAST Thursday was a week since Bartlemy fair, and I wint down to buy a horse, for this is a large parish, an' mortification an' frettin' have puffed me up, so that God help me it's little able I am to answer all the sick calls, to say nothin' o' stations, weddin's and christen-

in's. Well! I bought the horse an' it cost me more than I expicted, so there I stood without a penny in my pocket after I paid the dealer. It rained cats an' dogs, an as I am so poor I can't afford a great-coat, I got wet to the skin i' less than no time. There ye were, scores o' ye i' the public houses, with the winders up that all the world might see ye a atein' an' dhrinkin' as if it was for a wager; an' there wasn't one o' ye had the grace to ask, Father Prout, ha' ye got a mouth i' yer face? An' there I might ha' stood i' the rain until this blissid hour (that is, supposin' it had continued rainin' until now), if I hadn't been picked up by Mr. Mun Roche o' Kildinan—an honest gintleman an' a hospitable man I must say, tho' he is a Protestant. He took me home with him, an' there, to yer eternal disgrace, ye villains, I got as full as a tick—an' Mun Roche had to send me home in his own carriage, which is an everlasting shame to all o' ye who belong to the true Church.

Now I ask which has carried out this tixt? Ye who did not give me even a poor tumbler o' punch at Bartlemy, or Mun Roche, who took me home an' filled me with the best atein' and dhrinkin', an' sint me to my own house afther that in his own illigant carriage? Who best fulfilled the Scriptur'? Who lint to the Lord by givin' to the poor clargy?

Remember, a time will come when I must give an account o' ye! What can I say thin? Won't I have to hang down my head in shame on yer account? 'Pon my conscience, it wouldn't much surprise me, unless ye greatly mind yer ways, if Mun Roche an' you won't have to change places on that occasion—he to

sit along side o' me, as a friend who had thrated the poor clargy well i' this world, an' ye in a sartin place, which I won't particularly mintion now, except to hint that it's precious little frost and snow ye'll have in it, but quite the revarse. However, it's never too late to mind; an' I hope by this day week, it's quite another story I'll have to till o' ye all.—*J. Sheldon Mackenzie.*

THAT QUEEN.

THE Judge was a Christian and played on the square,
But he figured the cards pretty close!
He could call off your hand every time to a pair,
And lay down a "full" when he chose.

The Colonel could play a more difficult game,
I don't mean to say he would cheat,
But he held the top card when the big betting came,
And some hands that couldn't be beat.

Coming home from Chicago the two chanced to meet—
They were very old friends—on the cars;
And as neither the other at poker could beat,
They played euchre, five points, for cigars.

The cards ran along pretty evenly, too,
Till the Judge turned a moment his head,
When the Colonel, in shuffling, slipped the deck through
And the Judge cut a cold one instead.

'Twas euchre, of course; but the Judge was amazed
When he lifted four kings in a lump;
But the Colonel, not seeming a particle dazed,
Turned up a red queen for a trump.

"You say—do you pass, Judge?" the Colonel called out;
"Look here," said the limb of the law,
"I've mighty queer cards; if you're in for a bout,
We'll play this one hand out at draw."

The Colonel considered, and wriggled his neck—

“I, too, have a very odd hand;

If you’ll give me that queen from the top of the deck,

We’ll play out the cards as they stand.”

“Agreed,” said the Judge, for he saw at a glance

The Colonel had one of two things—

A full, or four queens, and he hadn’t a chance

To rake down the pot from four kings.

The Judge chipped with fifty; the Colonel came back;

The Judge answered him with a raise;

Of the bets the two made I could never get track,

But they piled up, like gals in a chaise.

At last says the Judge, “Here, I’m hunting no more—

Four kings; reach us over that pot”—

“Hold on,” says the Colonel, “I, too, have found four,

And they’re four little aces I’ve got.”

The Judge took the cards and looked over them well,

Fetches a breath from his trousers’ waistband—

“Well, what I’d like to know is, what in h—l

The queen had to do with that hand.”

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Popperman to her husband last evening, “I was looking over a bundle of old letters to-day, and found this one which you wrote to me before we were married—when you were young and sentimental.”

“What does it say?”

“I’ll read it:

“‘Sweet Idol of my Lonely Heart: If thou wilt place thy hand in mine, and say Dear love I’ll be thy bride, we’ll fly away to some far realm—we’ll fly to

sunny Italy, and there 'neath soft cerulean skies we'll bask, and sing, and dream of naught but love. Rich and costly paintings by the old masters shall adorn the walls of the castle I'll give thee. Thy bath shall be of milk. A box at the opera shall be at thy command, and royalty shall be thy daily visitor. Sweet strains of music shall lull thee at eventide, and warbling birds shall wake thee from thy morning slumber. Dost thou accept? Say yes—oh, fly with me.'

"And I flew," said Mrs. Popperman. "But if I had been as fly as I am now I wouldn't have flown."

"Why not, dear?"

"Why not? Have you done as you promised in that letter? When we were married did we 'fly to sunny Italy and bask 'neath soft cerulean skies,' or did we go to Hoboken and spend two weeks fishing for eels on the end of a wharf?"

"Well, yes."

"And how about the pictures? You know very well that every rich and costly painting in this house is a chromo from the tea store."

"Well."

"'Thy bath shall be of milk.' Do I bathe in milk, or isn't it like pulling teeth every morning to get 10 cents out of you to buy milk for the baby?"

"Kinder."

"'Royalty shall be thy daily visitor.' The only daily visitors I have are the book agents and the clam peddlers."

"'Tain't my fault."

"'Sweet strains of music shall lull thee at eventide.' Oh, yes. The only chance I have to listen to the sweet

strains of music is when you and I go out walking at night and follow a monkey and a hand-organ around the block."

"Oh, I am so sleepy."

"I don't care if you are. Where are the warbling birds you promised me? I hear Mrs. Maginnis's crowing roosters next door every morning. Perhaps they are what you meant."

"Well, never mind."

"But I will mind. I was to have a box at the opera. Where is it? The only time I go to an opera is when you get bill-posters' tickets to a dime museum."

"It's too bad."

"It really is too bad. And then you said we'd talk and dream of naught but love. Since I married you we've talked and dreamt of naught but rent. Good-night, sir," and Mrs. Popperman turned out the gas, and jumped into bed leaving Mr. Popperman to bark his shins against the bureau in trying to grope to bed in the dark.—*Anon.*

A TEST.

"WHAT would you do," asked the fireman black,

Of the grimy engineer,

"If suddenly upon the track

A woman should appear?

And suppose you were running a little behind,

With your gauge chock up to 'L,'

And the woman was deaf and dumb and blind,

And couldn't hear whistle or bell!"

"Do?" cried the grimy engineer,
With a look of cold disdain;
"I'd get out there and leave you here
To take your chance with the train!
I'd straighten out on that pilot plate,
And that woman I would snatch,
Before she knew whether we were freight,
Express, wild, or despatch!"

"That," said the fireman, "I call game!"
And he shovelled in the coal,
And wondered if he'd do the same,
In a similar kind of a hole.
And the headlight cast a long, thin stream
Through the night of dismal black,
When suddenly there came the scream
Of a woman on the track!

"Jump!" shrieked the fireman. "There she goes!"
But the engineer sat still,
And a woman's sorrows, joys, and woes
Were taken like a pill.
"Why didn't you out on the pilot plate?
That was the place for you!
Why didn't you try to avert her fate,
As you boasted you would do?"

"My friend," said the grimy engineer,
With apologetic cough,
"That woman knew but trouble here,
And now she's better off.
Besides, by grinding her to hash,
A good fat thing I draw,—
The road will pay five thousand cash,
And she was—my mother-in-law!"

Drake's Magazine.

THE DRUMMER'S BRIDE.

AS RECITED BY E. F. RANDOLPH.

HOLLOW-EYED and pale at the window of a jail,
Thro' her soft disheveled hair, a maniac did stare, stare, stare !
At a distance, down the street, making music with their feet,
Came the soldiers from the wars, all embellished with their
scars,
To the pounding and the sounding of a drum !
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum ! drum, drum, drum !

The woman heaves a sigh, and a fire fills her eye.
When she hears the distant drum, she cries, " Here they come !
here they come !"
Then clutching fast the grating, with eager, nervous waiting,
See, she looks into the air, through her long and silky hair,
For the cheering and the hearing of a drum !
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum ! drum, drum, drum !

And nearer, nearer, nearer comes, more distinct and clearer,
The rattle of the drumming. Shrieks the woman, " He is coming,
He is coming now to me ; quick, drummer, quick, till I see !"
And her eye is glassy bright, while she beats in mad delight
To the echo of a drum ; To the rapping, tapping, tapping of a
drum !
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum ! drum, drum, drum !

Now she sees them in the street, march along with dusty feet,
As she looks through the spaces, gazing madly in their faces ;
And she reaches out her hand, screaming wildly to the band ;
But her words, like her lover, are lost beyond recover,
'Mid the clanging and the banging of a drum !
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum ! drum, drum, drum !

So the pageant passes by, and the woman's flashing eye
 Quickly loses all its stare, and fills with a tear;
 As, sinking from her place, with her hands upon her face,
 She weeps and sobs as wild as a disappointed child;
 Sobbing, "He will never come, never come!
 Now nor ever, never, never, will he come
 With his drum, with his drum, with his drum! drum, drum,
 drum!"

Still the drummer down the street beats his distant dying beat,
 And she shouts, within her cell, "Ha! they're marching down to
 hell,

And the devils dance and wait at the open iron gate:
 Hark! it is the dying sound, as they march into the ground,
 To the sighing, and the dying of the drum!
 To the throbbing and the sobbing of the drum!
 Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!"—*Anon.*

MARY'S LAMB.

AS RECITED BY ALEX. J. BROWN.

French.

La petite Marie had le june muttong,
 Zee wool was blanchée as ze snow,
 And everywhere la belle Marie went,
 La june muttong was sure to go.

Chinese.

Wun gal named Moll had lamb,
 Fleacee all samee whitee snow,
 Evly place Moll gal walkee,
 Ba ba hoppee long too.

Deutsche.

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle schaf,
 Mit hair shust like some wool,
 Und all der blace dat gall did vent,
 Dat schaf go like ein fool.

Irish.

Begorry, Mary had a little shape,
 And the wool was white entirely,
 An' whenever Mary would stir her stumps,
 That young shape would follow her completely!

UNKNOWN DEAD.

The following lines were suggested by seeing a solitary grave near the banks of the James River. On the rude head-board was carved, "Unknown," whilst beneath, in a delicate female hand, was pencilled, "Yet much Beloved, and Not Forgotten." On the lonely mound lay a faded wreath, a broken sword and rusty scabbard.

WHERE the James is rippling gently,
 Wandering o'er its rocky bed,
 Many years ago they laid him.
 "Much Beloved," yet "Unknown" dead,
 Flowers strewn by kindly fingers
 O'er his couch their fragrance shed,
 Whilst the low winds murmuring softly,
 Sigh their requiems o'er his head.

What bright hopes may here be buried,
 Who the slain no one can say,
 Yet we know "somebody's darling"
 Sleeps beside the James to-day.
 On his grave the sunlight lingers,
 And the silvery moon-beams fall,
 Here he sleeps, far, far from kindred—
 Sleeps until the last great call.

Loving hearts mayhaps have waited
 For this "Unknown" one to come,
 Long, perhaps, yes, long, long after
 He had found his narrow home.
 Now when hope has died in anguish,
 Aching hearts this blessing crave,
 That love soothes his last hard pillow—
 Love still tends this "Unknown" grave.

Many hearts and blades were broken,
Thousands of the noblest "braves"
Wrapped in jackets gray are sleeping
Coldly in their "unknown" graves;
Many "Rachels" still are weeping,
Though so many years have fled,
Weeping for their sons returned not,
Waiting for their "unknown" dead.

Ye who weave for them fresh garlands,
O'er their graves sweet flowers spread,
Know the prayers of many mothers
Call down blessings on your head.
Loving acts bring blessings always,
For thy Father says to thee:
"As ye soothe My suffering children,
So ye do it unto Me."

Oh, ye mothers, wives, and daughters,
Tend each unknown grave with care,
Who can tell, your own loved darling
May be called their fate to share.
Then as ye would have some fair one
Strew with flowers his lonely bed,
With kind hands and hearts most loving
Watch and tend our "unknown" dead.

L. D. M.

HOW WE FOUGHT THE FIRE.

I.

'Twas a drowsy night on Tompkins Hill:
The very leaves of the trees lay still;
The world was slumbering ocean-deep;
And even the stars seemed half asleep,
And winked and blinked at the roofs below,
As yearning for morn, that they might go;
The streets as stolid and still did lie
As they would have done if streets could die;

The sidewalks stretched as quietly prone
As if a foot they had never known;
And not a cottage within the town
But looked as if it would fain lie down.
Away in the west a stacken-cloud,
With white arms drooping and bare head bowed,
Was leaning against—with drowsy eye—
The dark blue velveting of the sky.
And that was the plight
Things were in that night,
Before we were roused the foe to fight—
The foe so greedy and grand and bright—
That plagued old Deacon Tompkins.

II.

The parson visioned his Sunday's text,
And what he should hurl at Satan next;
The doctor a drowsy half-vigil kept,
Still studying, as he partly slept,
How men might glutton, and tope, and fly
In the face of Death, and still not die;
The lawyer dreamed that his clients meant
To club together, and then present,
As proof that their faith had not grown dim,
A small bright silver hatchet to him;
The laborer such sound slumber knew,
He hadn't a dream the whole night through;
The ladies dreamed—but I can't say well
What 'tis they dream, for they never tell;
In short, such a general drowsy time
Had ne'er been known in that sleepy clime,
As on the night
Of clamor and fright,
We were roused the treacherous foe to fight—
The foe so greedy and grand and bright,
And carrying such an appetite—
That plagued old Deacon Tompkins.

III.

When all at once the old court-house bell
(Which had a voice like a maniac's yell)
Cried out, as if in its dim old sight
The judgment day had come in the night.
"Bang whang whang bang clang dang bang whang,"
The poor old parcel of metal sang;
Whereat, from mansion, cottage, and shed,
Rose men and women as from the dead,
In different stages of attire,
And shouted, "The town is all afire!"
(Which came as near to being true
As some more leisurely stories do.)
They saw on the Deacon's house a glare,
And everybody hurried there;
And such a lot of visitors he
Had never before the luck to see.
The Deacon received these guests of night
In costume very simple and white;
And after a drowsy, scared "Ahem!"
He asked them what he could do for them.
"Fire! fire!" they shouted; "your house's afire!"
And then, with energy sudden and dire,
They rushed through the mansion's solitudes,
And helped the Deacon to move his goods.
And that was the sight
We had that night,
When roused by the people who saw the light
Atop of the residence, cozy and white,
Where lived old Deacon Tompkins.

IV.

Ah me! the way that they rummaged round!
Ah me! the startling things they found!
No one with a fair idea of space
Would ever have thought that in one place
Were half the things that, with a shout,
These neighborly burglars hustled out.

Came articles that the Deacon's wives
Had all been gathering all their lives ;
Came furniture such as one might see
Didn't grow in the trunk of every tree ;
A tall clock, centuries old, 'twas said,
Leaped out of a window, heels o'er head ;
A veteran chair, in which, when new,
George Washington sat for a minute or two ;
A bedstead strong, as if in its lap
Old Time might take his terminal nap ;
Dishes, that in meals long ago
The Deacon's fathers had eaten on ;
Clothes, made of every cut and hue,
That couldn't remember when they were new ;
A mirror, scathless many a day,
Was promptly smashed in the regular way ;
Old shoes enough, if properly thrown,
To bring good luck to all creatures known ;
And children thirteen, more or less,
In varying plenitude of dress.

And that was the sight

We had that night,

When roused, the terrible foe to fight,
Which blazed aloft to a moderate height,
And turned the cheeks of the timid white,
Including Deacon Tompkins.

v.

Lo ! where the engines, reeking hot,
Dashed up to the interesting spot :
Came Number Two, " The City's Hope,"
Propelled by a line of men and rope ;
And after them, on a spiteful run,
" The Ocean Billows," or Number One.
And soon the two, induced to " play "
By a hundred hands, were working away,
Until, to the Deacon's flustered sight,
As he danced about in his robe of white,

It seemed as if, by the hand of Fate,
House-cleaning day were some two years late,
And with complete, though late, success
Had just arrived by the night express.
The "Ocean Billows" were at high tide,
And flung their spray upon every side;
The "City's Hope" were in perfect trim,
Preventing aught like an interim;
And a "Hook-and-Ladder Company" came,
With hooks and poles and a long hard name,
And with an iconoclastic frown,
Were about to pull the whole thing down,
When some one raised the assuring shout,
"It's only the chimney a-burnin' out!"
Whereat, with a sense of injured trust,
The crowd went home in complete disgust.
Scarce one of those who, with joyous shout,
Assisted the Deacon in moving out,
Refrained from the homeward-flowing din,
To help the Deacon at moving in.

And that was the plight

In which, that night,

They left the Deacon, clad in white,
Who felt he was hardly treated right,
And used some words, in the flickering light,
Not orthodox in their purport quite—

Poor, put-out Deacon Tompkins!

Will Carleton.

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR.

D'ARCY.

'Twas a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well-nigh filled Joe's bar-room, on the corner of the
square ;

And as songs and witty stories came through the open door,
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said. "The wind has
blown it in." .

"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whiskey, rum,
or gin?"

"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work—
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace ;
In fact, he smiled, as tho' he thought he'd struck the proper
place.

"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a
crowd—

To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds, you
know.

When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow.

What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held
a sou,

I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks : that's braced me nicely ; God bless you one
and all ;

Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call.

Give you a song? No, I can't do that ; my singing days are past ;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs are
going fast.

"HOGAN PAID HIS RENT!"

BY J. W. KELLY.

MALACHY Hogan rents his place
 Of Gallagher's estate,
 And Brady is collector too,
 Whom all the neighbors hate;
 He went to Hogan's Tuesday night
 And asked him for the rent.
 "Treat the boys," says Hogan,
 "Or I'll never pay a cent."
 "Indeed I won't," says Brady,
 "And I'll tell you to your face,
 Until you pay me every red,
 I'll never leave the place."
 Both of them were fighting mad,
 On murder they were bent,
 And all the gang stood back to see
 How Hogan paid the rent.

CHORUS.

Each gave back the other what he sent,
 The bones they didn't break were badly bent;
 They hugged each other, slugged each other,
 With their breaths they drugged each other,
 Any kind of fighting went when Hogan paid the rent.

Hogan sent an upper cut
 And Brady threw a chair,
 It knocked Tim Dugan's tooth out,
 He swore he would get square;
 He countered with a cuspadore,
 But Brady let it pass,
 It found a home behind the bar
 In Hogan's looking-glass;

Hogan lept for Dugan,
 And Dugan tried to run,
 Look out, says Andy Monahan,
 Mike Walsh has got a gun;
 Let me out, says Dugan,
 For my life is nearly spent,
 I'm with you, too, says Brady,
 And let Hogan keep the rent.

The noise brought all the neighbors out
 For six or seven blocks.
 Brady fought, with boots in hand,
 He danced 'round in his socks,
 A basket full of broken glass
 Was thrown upon the floor,
 Brady cut his feet, of course,
 And then the fight was o'er.
 The police, with the wagon,
 Came at last to stop the row,
 And every man was cut or bruised,
 But no one could tell how.
 Brady paid the fines for all,
 And then he dropped a hint
 That he would always buy the drinks
 When Hogan paid the rent.

Send 20 two-cent stamps, for words and music of the
 above song, to Excelsior Publishing House, 29 Beekman
 Street, New York.

"DRILL, YE TARRIERS, DRILL!"

AS SUNG BY THOMAS F. CASEY.

OH! every morn at seven o'clock
 There are twenty tarriers on the rock;
 The boss comes along and says, "Be still,
 And put all your power in the cast-steel drill."

CHORUS.

Then drill, ye tarriers, drill ;

Drill, ye tarriers, drill.

Oh, it's work all day without sugar in your tay when ye work
beyant on the railway.

And drill, ye tarriers, drill.

Spoken—Stand out there with the flag, Sullivan. Stand back
there! Blast! Fire! All over!

The boss was a fine man all around,
But he married a great, big fat fardown ;
She baked good bread and baked it well,
And baked it hard as the hobs of h—l.

CHO.—Then drill, etc.

Spoken—Stand out fornist the fence with the flag, McCarthy
Stand back, etc.

The new foreman is Dan McCann ;
I'll tell you sure he's a blame mean man ;
Last week a premature blast went off,
And a mile in the air went big Jim Goff.

CHO.—Then drill, etc.

Spoken—Where's the fuse, McGinty? What, he lit his pipe
with it! Stop the Belt car coming down. Stand back, etc.

When pay day next it came around,
Poor Jim's pay a dollar short he found.
"What for?" says he; then came this reply:
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky."

CHO.—Then drill, etc.

Spoken—More oatmeal in the bucket, McCue. What's that you're
reading, Duffy—the Staats Zeitung? Get out there with
the flag, etc.

Send 20 two-cent stamps, for words and music of the
above song, to Excelsior Publishing House, 29 Beekman
Street, New York.

'Twas DOOLEY RAISED THE FIGHT.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THOMAS F. CASEY.

I'm a man of sports and pleasures,
Mike Dooley is my name,
And when you'll hear my story, I declare
You will say that I'm abused,
And what a dreadful shame
For a man like me that's known everywhere;
Barney Hogan gave a brilliant dance
In honor of his wife,
And I among the gents he did invite;
But it was no fun for me—
I escaped with just my life,
And the gang swore black and blue I raised the fight.

CHORUS.

Cassidy struck the fiddler,
And the fiddler struck O'Rourke;
Mary McGraw was hit in the jaw
With a half pound of pork;
Legs and wings of chickens and things
Were flying around like rain,
And Mickey Malone was hit with a bone
And severed his juglar vein.

The dance commenced, and Hogan
Led the grand de promenade,
And things went on so smoothly right along;
Miss Nolan sang, "Fair Marguerite,"
Like the cats in our back yard,
For that, they say, is Hogan's favorite song;

They then formed sets and danced
 Till they rang the supper bell,
 And marched down to the lay-out full of life ;
 They joked and made some speeches,
 And raised old general h—l,
 And gave three cheers for Hogan and his wife

The scrap began about half past one,
 Continued until two,
 And sticks and plates were flying in the air ;
 Some bad remarks were given out
 By Timothy McCue—
 That Mrs. Hogan looked good with bleached hair,
 He said, 'twas typhoid coffee
 And consumptive tea,
 And the diamonds on old Mulligan's wife were light.
 What he was getting for his price
 He really couldn't see,
 And that Hogan's full-dress suit was out of sight.

Now I'm the wreck that's all done up
 From Barney Hogan's hop ;
 I believe they would have killed me if longer there I'd stopped.
 The fun it was unlimited
 Till there were several fights
 Raised by Pug McManus, who turned out all the lights ;
 Then Hogan took a hand in
 With a small bit of an axe,
 When I stepped in to make peace with this return,
 He split the hump on Riley's back
 Because he was not taxed,
 But revenge against Hogan in my heart does burn.

Send 15 two-cent stamps, for words and music of the
 above song, to Excelsior Publishing House, 29 Beekman
 Street, New York.

MURPHY OWES ME RENT.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEO. C. MARSHALL.

I OWN a row of tenements in the neighborhood below,
I am respected as a fine aristocrat,
But now I'm in hot water since I let a family in,
For I rented them the best rooms that I had ;
Murphy is their name, I think they are insane,
And the rent is due me now for many a day,
I have an awful task of it, most ev'ry time I ask for it,
For divil a cent do they intend to pay.

CHORUS.

Murphy owes me rent, and I'm goin' to make him pay it ;
I want my money now, and he'd better not delay it.
Abuse is all I get from him, he will not pay a cent ;
In the street he goes to-morrow, if he don't pay me the rent.

The tenants all complain of Murphy's children and their noise,
They fight together like a lot of cats,
They've broken all my windows and tore paper of the walls,
I would like to wring the necks of all his brats,
The baby cries all night, and Murphy comes home tight,
'Tis then he starts right in to beat his wife,
And if I chance to interfere, they bounce me out up on my ear,
In danger am I of my very life.

CHORUS.

Murphy owes me rent, and I'll soon have him ejected,
I am the landlord and as such I'm bound to be respected ;
He drinks all his earnings and to beat me he's content ;
I will be the death of Murphy, if he don't pay me the rent.

Most ev'ry time I meet him, sure, he wants to pick a fuss,
And he calls me very disrespectful names,
He tells me to me face I haven't courage of a calf,
But I am on to all his little games.

He wanted bad to fight, when he met me last night,
 He pulled my nose and said I couldn't scrap,
 But if he don't apologize, I'm going to blacken both his eyes,
 His little Irish face I'm going to slap.

CHORUS.

Murphy owes me rent, and I'm goin' to work and lick him,
 Early in the morning to the sidewalk I will kick him;
 A sheriff I will send to him to collar ev'ry cent,
 And they'll march him off to prison, if he does not pay the rent.

Send 20 two-cent stamps, for words and music of the
 above song, to Excelsior Publishing House, 29 Beekman
 Street, New York.

PADDY FLYNN.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ED. BARRY.

I OCCUPY apartments down in Casey's tenement,
 I'm a man has very little for to say,
 But when I am insulted, I'm the boy can take me part,
 And like a dacent man I pay me way.
 Oh! ever since Pat Flynn and his family moved in,
 There's nothing but ructions day and night.
 Last night, with a brickbat, he killed me Maltese cat;
 I challeng'd him—to-morrow, boys, we fight.

CHORUS.

Will ye's all be with me when I tackle Paddy Flynn?
 (*Response*: We will!)

Will ye's all be there when the scrap begins?
 (*Response*: Yis!)

Let us all be there, for the fight is on the square,
 I'll make a mop of him to-morrow morning.

I'm taking boxing lessons from a professor up town,
 I'm training like the devil ev'ry day,
 All up and down the street, then the boys they rub me down,
 I declare to God I'm eager for the fray.
 Be with me to a man, for he has the devil's gang,
 Don't leave me in the thickest of the fray;
 And when I'm done with Flynn, all that will be left of him,
 In an ambulance they will take him away.

He's a terror in the neighborhood, that's what the people say,
 He's licked, yes, ev'ry Dutchman on the block,
 And when they see him coming, sure, they keep out of his way,
 'Tis with his fist I'm told he's breaking rock.
 He fought a bulldog in a ring, bit the nose off Mike McGlynn,
 Cleaned out a Chinese laundry just for fun;
 If ever he gets one in on me, daylight I'll never see,
 Be with me to a man, yes, ev'ry one.

Send 20 two-cent stamps, for words and music of the
 above song, to Excelsior Publishing House, 29 Beekman
 Street, New York.

THEN YOU WINK THE OTHER EYE.

AS SUNG BY MARIE LOFTUS.

SAY, boys, whatever do you mean
 When you wink the other eye;
 Why, when you tell where you've been,
 Do you wink the other eye?
 You preach your wives such stories, you can tell them just a few,
 Just met an old acquaintance, or the train was overdue;
 And when the simple wife believes that every word is true,
 Then you wink the other eye.

CHORUS.

Say, boys, now is it quite the thing;
 Say, should we let you have your fling?
 Oh, when you've got us on a string,
 Then you wink the other eye.

Say, boys, you meet a turtle-dove,
 Then you wink the other eye;
 First sight, you madly fall in love,
 Then she winks the other eye.
 You take her thro' the city for a pleasant little stroll,
 And up against a jeweler's shop by accident you roll—
 She'd like that lovely diamond brooch, you find you're in a hole,
 Then she winks the other eye.

In court a "breach of promise" on,
 Then they wink the other eye;
 Up steps the maiden all forlorn,
 Then they wink the other eye.
 She tells the Judge her story, with the salt-tear in her eye,
 How the villain woo'd and won her—here she heaves a bitter
 sigh—
 How he used to kiss and cuddle her when nobody was nigh,
 Then they wink the other eye.

A sweet, young creature calls a cab,
 And she winks the other eye;
 "Right, mum!" another fare to grab,
 Cabby winks the other eye.
 Her purse, alas! is empty, but somehow she must get there;
 She whispers something in his ear, then it's "Drive to Leicester
 Square."
 "All right—jump in!" says cabby [pause].—Oh, "Cabby knows
 his fare."
 For he winks the other eye.

The words and music of this song will be sent to any
 address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents.

THEY'RE AFTER ME.

Copyright, 1890, by White-Smith Music Publishing Co.

AS SUNG BY WILLIAM HOEY.

OUR ship of state is sailing on a most uneven keel,
The people are dissatisfied and want another deal,
The country's bound for ruin at a headlong railroad speed,
To stop all this they say they've found the very man they need.

CHORUS.

So they're after me, after me, to capture me is every one's desire;
They're after me, after me, I'm the individual they require.
They're after me, after me, to capture me is ev'ry one's desire;
They're after me, after me, I'm the individual they require.

The girls admire a handsome face and go a heap on "style";
They like to see a noble brow support a shining tile,
And when a manly form appears in stunning garb arrayed,
Straightway all womankind is "mashed"—wife, damsel and old
maid.

In base-ball matters things are said to be a little "mixed,"
And all who love the game desire to see the trouble fixed;
Both managers and players say there's only just one man
Can straighten things and have them run upon a better plan.

Our shrewd Postmaster-General and Anthony, the wise,
Declared Kreutzer's Sonata quite unfit for modest eyes;
The book Sonata sold in scores, and people think the thing
A put-up job to make it sell and mighty profits bring.

In England Queen Victoria would like to take a rest,
But to resign the crown to Wales she doesn't think it best;
She says in all the universe there's just one man alone
She wants as her successor on Great Britain's mighty throne.

The words and music of this song will be sent to any
address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents.

I WENT WITH HIM.

ONE day my pal said, "Let's go out,"
So I went with him;
The streets he wandered round about,
And I went with him.
We met two young girls, bye the bye,
And one of them she looked so shy;
Jack said, "Let's go, there's no one nigh,"
So I went with him.

CHORUS.

I went with him, for I could not leave
My pal, Jack, for I knew that he would grieve;
I was very well aware that for mashing he'd a whim,
And the ladies took my fancies, so I went with him.

He saw them home, 'twas in the town,
And I went with him;
They asked him in and he sat down,
And I went with him.
When suddenly, oh, dear! oh, Lor'!
The father came and stamped and swore;
He kicked Jack clean out through the door,
And I went with him.

CHORUS.

I went with him, for I could not leave
My pal, Jack, for I knew that he would grieve;
The father stamped and swore, then with a savage grin
Kicked Jack in the gutter, and I went with him.

He went to take a drink one night,
And I went with him;
And strange to say he got quite tight,
Tho' I went with him.
And when he'd spent nearly all his tin
On whiskey, ale and rum and gin,
A policeman came and ran Jack in,
And I went with him.

CHORUS.

I went with him, for I could not leave
My pal, Jack, for I knew that he would grieve ;
The policeman was so strong, although he looked so slim,
He took Jack to the station, and I went with him.

Next morn he came before the Judge,
And I went with him ;
And strange to say he could not speak,
Though I was with him.
The Judge looked stern, and said at once,
“ Young man, you must have been a dunce ;”
He sentenced Jack to three long months,
And I went with him.

CHORUS.

I went with him, for I could not leave
My pal, Jack, for I knew that he would grieve ;
He was so much afraid, and shook in every limb,
And I thought he would feel lonely, so I went with him.

One day he went out on the ice,
And I went with him ;
He said that skating was so nice,
So I went with him.
We both were skating very well,
When suddenly I heard a yell ;
The ice gave way and in Jack fell,
And I went with him.

CHORUS.

I went with him, for I could not leave
My pal, Jack, for I knew that he would grieve ;
We were very nearly drowned, for Jack couldn't swim,
And as I never learnt myself, I went with him.

The words and music of this song will be sent to any
address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents.

NEAR IT.

Copyright, 1889, by T. B. Harms & Co.

WORDS BY GEORGE COOPER. MUSIC BY A. CORNEY.

A MAN should always be precise in what he says thro' life,
 And I am most precise in all I say to my dear wife ;
 'Twas late last night when I rolled in to my domestic bunk ;
 " You're drunk," my wife said ; I replied, " My dear, I am not
 drunk."

CHORUS.

But I was near it, precious near it, tho' I assured my loving wife
 I'd not been drunk in all my life, but near it, jolly near it ;
 Not drunk enough to tell the truth, but near it.

Is married life a failure ? that's the question of the day ;
 Some answer " yes," some answer " no," but I have a word
 to say :
 When husbands walk the floor all night in cold and misery
 With squalling kids, why, marriage then no failure seems to be.

CHORUS.

But it comes near it, mighty near it, the people argue knowingly
 That marriage can't a failure be ; it's near it, awful near it,
 When howling twins wake you each night ; it's near it.

Society sends actresses upon the stage each year,
 And some of them are pretty, too, and others very queer ;
 They all of them depend on dress, by Worth they're chiefly clad,
 And if they're " worth " anything, their acting's not so bad.

CHORUS.

But it comes near it, often near it ; no matter how the fair ones try
 To act, and not be called a " guy," they're near it, jolly near it ;
 Not all of them bad actresses, but near it.

A "howling swell" at Barnum's once approached the monkey's cage ;

His very loud appearance seem'd to throw them in a rage ;
They, one by one, crept to the bars, and all began to shout ;
They seem'd to say, " He's one of us ; why did they let him out ? "

CHORUS.

Well, they guess'd near it, mighty near it ; altho' a swell, so
not an ape,
Yet, if you just observe his shape, he was near it, very near it ;
Not quite a Mister Crowley, yet quite near it.

A man of strict propriety I always have been called,
Yet often at the ballet I have found myself installed ;
I never act like " old bald-heads " when I attend a show ;
That is, I never try to crowd myself in the front row.

CHORUS.

But I get near it, very near it ; and when some dancer is the rage,
If I don't climb upon the stage, I am near it, oh, so near it,
Not close enough to cause remarks, but near it.

We have a pretty servant-maid, and so has Jones next door ;
Now, tho' I treat our servant, Jane, politely—nothing more—
My wife declares I took the girl to the show last night ;
I said, " My dear, by all that's good, I swear that you are not
right. "

CHORUS.

She was near it, frightful near it ; I did not take our girl,
I'm sure ;
You see I took the girl next door, how near it, awful near it ;
My wife, of course, was wrong, but she was near it.

The words and music of this song will be sent to any
address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents.

ACROSS THE BRIDGE HE GOES.

Copyright, 1888, by Oliver Ditson & Co.

ON the bridge, at midnight, stood I in dismay,
Watching weary stragglers passing on their way;
Silently reflecting, dreaming there alone,
All their joys and sorrows seemed to be my own;
See the wretched gambler, looking deathly white,
All his fortune vanished in one single night,
With a look of horror he peeps into the stream,
Thinks of wife and children, shattered in his dream.
Ruined, fleeced and cheated, fool I was to play,
Home, how can I face it? what am I to say?
Whither will he wander, heaven only knows,
Crushed and broken-hearted, too, across the bridge he goes.

Next, with steps erratic, comes the city clerk,
Button-hole and stick, too, ready for a lark;
Been to smoking concert, sung his latest song,
"Can't be twelve o'clock yet, works have all gone wrong;
What a beastly nuisance last omnibus has gone,
Must be in the office at nine to-morrow morn."
Then he'll ask the "bobby," "Oblige me with a light?
Thank you, all the same, old chap—much obliged, good-night!"
Only got three-pence, this is jolly queer!
Where's the other six-pence? must have gone for beer!
Well, here he goes to walk it; jingo, how it blows!
Lights another cigarette as o'er the bridge he goes.

Comes the muffled burglar, glancing left and right,
Shuffling like a spectre, shuns the glaring light;
Touches his revolver with a murderous leer,
What's a life to him when sweet liberty is dear?
Next with flying footsteps comes the common thief,
Hunted like a tiger, trembling like a leaf,
Hark! the cry "They've got him"—tries to break away—
Appeals aloud for mercy; hear what he's to say:

"Let me off this time, sir, my wife is ill in bed,
It's hard to hear the children crying out for bread,
This is my first offence, sir, it is, God only knows!"
Mercy was not meant for him, as over the bridge he goes.

Hark! a peal of laughter, like a bird in song,
A pretty little actress trips her way along;
Hugging "floral tributes" in her dainty arms,
Whilst her tall admirer reminds her of her charms.
"Did not they go frantic when I did my dance?
I told you I should knock them out when I got the chance.
Take a cab—no thank you, I have not far to walk,
Leave me at the corner, please, you know how people talk."
"This is too bad of you, Flo—don't go on like this,
You know you are so fetching, just one platonic kiss;
There's not a soul about here, hang it, don't say no!"
Hugging, squeezing, teasing, across the bridge they go.

Comes the cunning miser, shriveled, shrunk and old,
Clutching in his bony hands a bag of shining gold;
How he looks about him to see if any one's near
To steal away his treasure, than God to him more dear.
He seeks his wretched hovel, with tottering step, and slow,
And curses pomp and splendor as it passes to and fro;
The wind is blowing fiercely, he trembles with the cold,
And as he creeps along the bridge, he whispers to his gold:
"Oh, thou precious burden, that filled the world with ill,
'Tis you that prompts the murderer to draw his knife and kill!
The bane of all good feeling, the origin of woes."
Cursing, clutching at his wealth, across the bridge he goes.

Next a form approaches at a halting pace,
Grief has failed to shatter the beauty of her face;
Promises and falsehoods fondly she believed.
Now her dream is ended, forsaken and deceived.
Silently to heaven she offers up a prayer,
Gazes at the river, then shudders in despair,

Clutching some love token in her withered hands,
Like an apparition on the brink she stands.
“Why did he forsake me—him I loved so well?”
Hark! the bell is tolling, bidding earth farewell;
Frantically her hands high in the air she throws,
A sigh, a leap, a scream, 'tis done, as o'er the bridge she goes.

The words and music of this song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

Two sons of Erin's Isle were discussing one evening the subject of Military Discipline. The taller of the two, who was about six feet in height, says to his friend, who was named Sullivan, and was only about four feet in height: “What talk have you, man? Why do you talk about military discipline? My grandfather served under General Wellington at the battle of Waterloo; and, to show you how his men obeyed him, he was coming along the field one day with General von Blucher, or Bleacher, a big Dutch General. Well, however, when he passed me grandfather saluted him, and he says, ‘Me good man, where did you lose your arm?’ And me grandfather says, ‘At the battle of Waterloo, under General Wellington.’ ‘Well,’ he says, ‘suppose you were to meet General Wellington and he should command you to lose your other arm, would you obey the command? He says, ‘Certainly, why not, of course, sure I would.’ ‘Well,’ he says, ‘I am General Wellington, and this is General von Blucher, and he does not believe that you would. So I command you to lose your other arm.’ With that me grandfather drew out

his sword and cut off his other arm." His diminutive friend looked at him in amazement, and in a piping voice replied: "And you call that military discipline?" "Why, of course, man." "Why, that's nothing. I have a cousin who served in one of the Russian campaigns, and to show the discipline of the men in that service will make the hair stand on the top of your head. Now, in certain parts of northern Russia there is no telegraph service, and they carry the signals of news of war across the country by means of towers built at a distance of a mile apart. Now, one morning the man in the first tower overslept himself, and knowing the consequence of the disgrace he had brought upon himself, and the penalty, which was that he would be shot, he looks around his tower and finds a taste of a rope, and hangs himself out of the tower by the neck. The man in the next tower, looking through his spy-glass, saw the object hanging out, and he does the same. Well, to show how these men obeyed orders, when the Inspector-General made his rounds he saw every man hanging out of his tower by the neck. There is military discipline." Well, he looked at him and said: "I'm done; give us two mixed ales."

Tom Ballantyne.

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